

THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

Aim of Association:—

To be a means of binding past Students to one another, and to the College.

Its constitution is as follows:—

Members, comprising Students trained in the College, Ex-Officio Members, the President (the Principal), and the College Staff.

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

1.—Members of the Association shall receive the Holy Communion at least once a month.

2.—They shall use the College Prayer said daily in Chapel.

COLLEGE PRAYER.

Almighty God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, regard we beseech Thee, with Thy love and favour, our College. Be pleased to prosper with Thy blessing those who teach and those who are taught therein. Grant that all who have been trained within its walls may be faithful in their vocation, of one heart and of one mind, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

3.—They shall endeavour, as far as circumstances permit, by some voluntary service to the Church, to recognise their responsibilities as Church-trained Teachers.

4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2/6, 1/- of which will be given to the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution.

Members receive the College Magazine free of charge, and are entitled to wear the College Association Badge. The Card of Membership and the Badge, 3/1 or 3/3 (in silver), including postage, can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss Elwell.

Subscriptions for the current year are due on January 1st, and should be sent before the end of the month to Miss Elwell, Training College, Lincoln.

MEMBERS.

- 1864 Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards)
 1866 Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt)
 1867 Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass)
 1868 Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley)
 1870 Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson)
 1871 Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe)
 1872 Elizabeth Brummitt
 1873 Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Elizabeth Watson (Mrs. Dixon), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman)
 1874 Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt
 1875 Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin
 1876 Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail)
 1877 Hannah Bell
 1878 Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford
 1879 Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton)
 1880 Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.)
 1881 Mary Williamson, Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden)
 1882 Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barrett)
 1884 Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass
 1885 Eunice B. Turner
 1886 Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead, Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson)
 1887 Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Elwell
 1888 Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver
 1889 Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchison, Sarah Dawes, Annie Churn (Mrs. F. H. Lea)
 1890 Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson, Mary Heape, Mary Jones (Mrs. Thickett), Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker
 1891 Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam, Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme)
 1892 Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes
 1893 Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Crofts), Sarah E. Clubb, Gertrude Askew
 1894 Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts
 1895 Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell, Lily Horsfall
 1896 Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill, Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Annie Mackridge (Mrs. Atkinson)

* Members whose Subscriptions are more than two years in arrears, will be considered as ceasing to belong to the Association, and the Magazine will not be sent to them.

- 1897 Kate Whattam. Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, May Charlton (Mrs. Sivil), Mary Footitt, Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Jemima Mountford
- 1898 Alice Falkinder. Gertrude Kenning. Marianne Thompson, Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Alice Dunbar, Ada Rimmington, Norah Murray, Evelina Schröder, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley (Mrs. Foxon), Eleanor Walpole
- 1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lamming, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Priscilla Johnson (Mrs. Watkins), Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Marian S. Grundy, Alethea Hildred, Edith Hillyer, Gertrude Tall, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Gertrude Goulding, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Lucy Myers, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Kandle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Jane Leach, Annie Burton, Edith Newton, Edith Parkinson (Mrs. C. Gillson), Florence Yardley, Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Charlotte Sheppard, Florence Scarlett
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boultsbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marion Clayton, Kate Chapple, Laura Davis, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrard, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, May Libby, Ethel March, Arabella Nield, Ita Peet, Elsie Piper, Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Adela Smeeton, Ethel Wright, Jessie Wilson
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott, Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall, Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd, Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins, Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson, Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig
- 1903 Graeme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne, Irene Gelsthorpe, Rosa Goulthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Holmes, Mary Holmes, Jennie Hendry, Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriot, Edith Millard, Elsie Newill, Edith Norris, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Alice Porter, Helen Pye, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Emily Shead, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith, Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner, Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Alice Wilkinson, Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson, Edith Wood, Margaret Wood

1904 Mary Antoliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Ethel Cuckson, Christine Dalglish, Florence Davies, Ethel Dent, Lillian Dickinson, Alethea Durant, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Lucy Hartley, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Edith Marris, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver, Mabel Panton, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Ruth Wheatercroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood, Matilda Wood

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT.—In issuing this fresh number of our College Magazine we feel that all our past Students and all our other friends will have been anxiously enquiring how we have fared during this very sad outbreak of typhoid fever in Lincoln. We cannot be too thankful that we have not had one case in our College itself so far, though we regret much that several of our past Students residing in Lincoln have been suffering from it, and that one has died. Our own immunity has we feel been under God in a very great measure due to the advice of our medical officer, Dr. Lowe—some six or seven years ago he warned us that it was not safe to drink the water supplied by the Corporation without filtering it, and we had at once had Pasteur filters attached to the main water pipe in the College, and so arranged that all the drinking water passed through them and has done so ever since. But still it has been a very anxious time, and had it not been for the very great care and trouble so willingly taken by the servants under Mrs. Turner's direction in boiling every day for some minutes all the water and milk for the College, I scarcely think that we should have escaped as we have so far done. Happily now by the readily given consent of the Committee we have had a large tank containing two hundred and fifty gallons put up, with three Pasteur filters containing three candles each attached to it, each filter having a 10-gallon receptacle for the water passing through them. This tank is kept filled with water brought from a spring two miles away, and as the water has been carefully analysed and the use of it sanctioned by our present medical officer, Dr. Stitt Thomson, we feel no hesitation in drinking it, and we are able to assure our visitors that they will so far be safe from the effects of water supplied by the Corporation of Lincoln.

Turning from the water supply to the building itself, we are intending to give in turn the portraits of those after whom the different parts of the building have been named. All those who were members of the College before 1892 will at once recognise, and very gladly, the first of the series, Canon Nelson's likeness, and

it will recall very happy days under very different surroundings from those which prevail now. Most of those who have been here since 1894 will also recognise the succeeding ones, that of our Dean, to whom as Chairman of the Committee and as a very generous donor to the Enlargement Fund is due in a very great measure the much more extended influence which the College has and its higher position among the Training Colleges generally; and last, but by no means least, we shall all delight in welcoming the likeness of our revered Bishop, who is always so full of sympathy with all the work done in the College, and by his kindly words on our Prize Day year after year has helped many and many a student in her life in the world outside the College. We feel we have reason indeed to be proud of the names of all three, and to rejoice that they will be handed on from generation to generation of Lincoln Training College Students.

One point more it seems necessary to add, and that is that past Students can now obtain several views of the College on Post Cards, and of at least one member of the College, at the special request of the photographers, certainly not at his own.

Yours very sincerely, A. W. ROWE.

WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

EASTER, and with it Whitsuntide, falls so late this year that, writing when the cold winds of March are still blowing, the days of "merry June," which will bring us, we trust, another happy Re-union, seem very far away. To busy people, however, the weeks have a way of speeding along all too quickly, and we must be beforehand with our preparations. And, first of all, we do want to make clear what, in spite of our explanation last year, was not understood by some of our old friends, that it is only the impossibility of accommodating more than a certain number, which makes it necessary now to invite the Association members in sections, by turn, and also that it is earnestly requested that *any individual member who does not come in the invited section this year, but who for any reason specially wishes to be present, will write to Miss Elwell, who will at once forward an invitation.* The plan will be much as before, to invite the two years who have left most recently (1903 and 1904), all Association members living in Lincoln, and to go on with the older students in the regular order of sets of four years (this year 1893-96). In addition, the Principal will be glad to see all Association members who were in College before the year 1880.

The main features for the entertainment of our visitors will be the same as before. Programmes, with full particulars, will be sent nearer the time to all who accept invitations.

It is specially requested that intending visitors will reply in

good time, if at all possible *before May 15th*, especially if lodgings are required. Miss Elwell would be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays (April 19th—May 6th.)

It is also most important that if anyone is prevented from coming after accepting the invitation, the earliest possible notice may be sent.

PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES.

LEFT IN 1902.

Mary Arscott	178 West Parade, Lincoln
Edith Barker	Crookes House, Crookes, Sheffield
Gertrude Bradwell	21 Mount Street, Glossop, Sheffield
Mabel Bromhall	Grafton Underwood, Kettering
Ethel Budd	82 Carlton Road, Worksop
Phoebe Bury	The Rectory, Little Hadham, Herts
Elsie Dawtrey	95 Hawksley Avenue, Hillsboro', Sheffield
Eleanor Donson	Bridge Street, Gainsborough
Lily Hacker... ..	16 Owlter Lane, Fir Vale, Sheffield
May Hulse	68 Blake Street, Sheffield
Maud Johnson	High Street, Scunthorpe, Doncaster
Evelina Lamb	44 Queen Street, Grimsby
Marjorie Mullins... ..	
Annie Helen Pearce	Willington, co. Durham
Mary Parkes	150 Vincent Road, Sharrow, Sheffield
Margaret Partrige	The School, Longthorpe. Peterborough
Annie Porter	6 William Street, Rugby
Ethel Radford	248 Gladstone Street, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham
Annie Roberts	50 Bower Road, Sheffield
Lallah Robertson	68 Blake Street, Sheffield
Annie Schofield	48 Holly Bank, Victoria Road, Todmorden
Sarah Shepherd	44 Fifteenth Avenue, Tong Road, Leeds
Isabel Shiach	253 High Road, Leyton, Essex
Nellie Simpson	26 Minet Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.
Alice Smith... ..	41 St. Nicholas Street, Lincoln
Nellie Smith	7 Mariebonne, Wigan
Ellen Roberts	60 Grafton Street, Beverley Road, Hull

ONE YEAR STUDENTS.

Katherine Anteliffé	The School, Gumley, Market Harborough
Mary Brewer	9 Highfield Road, Chesterfield
Emma Brewin	Bourneville, Chelsea Road, Lower Weston, Bath
Mary Burley	Benedict House, Normanton, Yorkshire

Frances Clarke	Girls' Charity School, Sharrow Lane, Sheffield
Annie Drury	43 Whitley Street, Reading
Minnie Févre	44 Fifteenth Avenue, Tong Road, Leeds
Gertrude Judd	30 Playfair Road, Southsea, Hants.
Edith Meats	177 Charlton Lane, Old Charlton, S.E.
Sarah Parkes	Church School, Silver Street, Enfield, Middlesex
Ruth Spencer	82 Park Grove, Barnsley
Lilian Underhill	School House, Honiton Clyst, Devon
Kate Webb	15 Abbot Street, Lincoln
Ethel Willdig	Manchester Road, Deepcar, Sheffield

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

Association and Magazine Subscriptions for the current year were due in January—228 Subscriptions are owing from Association Members as well as from other Subscribers to the Magazine.

Miss Elwell will be glad if these arrears may be paid as soon as possible. Great practical inconvenience is caused by want of punctuality in payment, since a heavy bill for printing the Magazine has to be met in April, and as at present the Magazine barely pays its way, the cost of sending out reminders is a serious item. Last year also we should have had twenty-four more votes for the "Church Teachers' Benevolent" had all the Subscriptions been paid up.

Magazines cannot be sent to Subscribers whose Subscriptions are more than two years in arrear.

Annual Subscription to Magazine, 1/-.

The Association Subscription of 2/6 includes that for the Magazine.

It is requested that all changes of address may at once be notified to Miss Elwell. Magazines constantly go astray from neglect to do this.

It is requested that Subscribers will communicate with Miss Elwell if the Spring number fails to reach them before the end of April, or the Autumn one before the end of October or the first week in November.

OLD STUDENTS' PAGE.

MARRIAGES.

On October 24th, 1904, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Cobham, Kent. P. A. Croft to Edith Martin (Lincoln, 1892-3). 42, Dunchurch Street, Rugby.

On December 27th, 1904, at the Parish Church, Aston Manor, by the Rev. P. W. Guinness, Miles Summerton to Florence Aughtie (Lincoln, 1889-90).

BIRTHS.

On September 27th, at Airedale Terrace, Burley-in-Wharfedale, to Richard and Edith Gossop (Lincoln, 1896-7), a son, Richard Leslie.

On January 17th, at 74 Catherine Street, Elland, Yorks, the wife (née Eleanor Wareing, Lincoln, 1892-3), of Harry Grimshaw (Saltley, 1892-3), of a daughter, Margaret Eleanor.

On February 12th, at 60, Lucas Street, St. John's, S.E., to Harry and Sarah E. Bennett (Sarah Chadwick, Lincoln, 1893-4), a son, Norbury Anderson.

* * *

Students of 1888 and 1884, who knew Mrs. Morgan as "Adelaide Coates," will be interested in the following letter:—

*Cumberland, B.C., Vancouver Island,
Canada, February, 1905.*

Dear Miss Elwell,—The Magazine came as a very pleasant surprise. It is so nice to have anything from the dear old country, particularly when it is something so interesting as news of Lincoln. I was sorry to hear of Mrs. Rowe's death. I only saw her once, but I am sure, from that small glimpse of her, that the College will miss her very much. She seemed so kind and sympathetic.

The reredos is lovely, and makes me think of the beautiful English churches every time I look at it. Everything here is so new, and all the churches are made of wood. There is nothing venerable or imposing about them, and, worse still, the services are so slipshod. We are getting more used to the Canadian ways now, but at first we were simply horrified at the irreverence and laxity. For some time we were without a clergyman, and Mr. de Vitre, Chaplain of H.M.S. "Grafton," took the services. It seemed like England to us then, and we were sorry when he went away.

Cumberland is a large mining camp, and has nothing else to depend on except the coal pits. If anything happened to them the town would be abandoned. The place is seventy-eight miles from the next town, and there is no overland connection. The only way to leave Cumberland is by steamer, and the vessels only run twice a week. The town stands in the midst of the thick forests that cover the island from one end to the other. The trees are enormous, both in height and in thickness, and stand so close that

one is lost directly if the trails are not carefully kept to. Panthers and bears are plentiful, and wolves are found occasionally. Last summer we had dreadful bush fires all around, and the heat and smoke and showers of ashes were a great nuisance. We were afraid, too, that the town would be burnt down, as all the houses are of wood, and places like this are often burnt completely up when fire breaks out. Everybody keeps a hose here, both for garden use and in case of fire.

The climate is something like that of England; the summers are hotter, however, and the winters wetter and milder. We have beautiful snow-covered mountains all around us, which make the nights cool even in summer. I will try to get you some photographs later.

I am sending an order for fifty cents. Will you please send me the Magazine as long as that will pay for, and then I will send more. I shall be so pleased to have it.

If ever you had time to write me a little note, I should be so delighted to hear from you. With kindest regards,

I am, yours very sincerely,

ADELAIDE MORGAN.

* * *

The Annual Social Evening of the Lincoln Students' Club, Sheffield, was held, by the kind permission of the Education Committee, in the Pupil Teachers' College, on Feb. 17th, and again the Club was greatly honoured by the presence of Canon Rowe, Miss Elwell, Mrs. Summerton—better known as Miss Aughtie—and Miss Vaughan.

The weather was so bright and sunny that smoky Sheffield had quite a smiling and comparatively clean countenance with which to greet our Lincoln visitors when they arrived punctually at 12-35.

Mr. Quine, Senior Inspector of Schools, carried Canon Rowe off for lunch, and later to visit various schools in the city, while the ladies, under the care of Mrs. Wing, had a cosy and quiet rest to prepare them for the evening gaiety.

Assembling at half-past six, some time was pleasantly occupied in greeting friends and in happy chatter until, at a given signal, the music started and the dance programme commenced.

No attempt at formal speech-making was made, but, when the interval came, Mrs. Wing in a few words welcomed the visitors, members, and friends, and wished them all a pleasant and happy time.

And now, when all was quiet, a little surprise was sprung upon one member of the company. Miss Aughtie, when visiting us a year ago, was the Principal of the Gainsborough Pupil Teachers' Centre, but since then she has taken another title, or perhaps "degree" would be the better term, and is now Principal of a home where she reigns as queen with one subject, whether an

obedient one or not we can by no means tell. To help her to remember that she has a few friends in Sheffield who care for her in her new sphere as they have done in the old, it was determined, a few days previously, to make a small presentation to Mrs. Summerton, and accordingly she was asked to accept an engraved silver rose bowl as a small token of their affectionate regard.

The secret had been well kept, for it was evident that Mrs. Summerton was surprised and said so when she gracefully accepted the gift. This small ceremony ended, refreshments were handed round, and again dancing commenced and was kept up until 11 p.m. A small room was fitted up for games, which were indulged in by the quiet ones who do not dance, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent by all. The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Arnold, Principal of the P.T. College, and to his colleague, Mr. Cousins, who acted as M.C. ALICE SPENCER.

* * *
Miss Edith Barker (1901-2), * passed the London Matriculation Examination in June last. * * *

RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss M. Tilston, St. Hilda's Girls', Leeds. Head.

Miss Eva Waller, Hyde Council School. Assistant.

Miss Essie Conway, Tiber Street Council School, Liverpool. Head.

Miss Hilda Oliver, Higher Elementary School, Lincoln. Assistant.

Miss Marian Clayton, Church School, Heaton Norris. Assistant.

Miss Elsie Drake, St. John's Infants', Gainsborough. Head.

Miss Lily Horsfall, Winsford Council School, Infants. Head.

Miss Beatrice Leighton, Chesterfield Church. Assistant.

Miss Frances Randle, Hob Lane Infants', Bedworth. Head.

Miss Edith Burley, Normanton National. Assistant.

Miss Emma Brewin, Weymouth House Girls', Bath. Head.

Miss Lilian Dickinson, Pupil Teachers' Centre, Long Sutton. Assistant.

Miss Elsie Wilkinson, Flixborough. Head.

DEATHS.

On Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1904, Isabel Forfar (Lincoln 1870-71.)

The following is taken from the Parish Magazine of Christ Church, Battersea:—

“ IN MEMORIAM.

“ We deeply regret to record the death, on Sunday, Oct. 16th, of Isabel Forfar, aged fifty-three years, for nearly nine years the faithful mistress of the Christ Church Middle Class Girls' School, Battersea, and a regular worshipper and communicant in our church. A memorial service was held in church on Thursday, Oct. 20th, and her body was laid to rest in Wandsworth Cemetery.

May she rest in peace.”

The Vicar writes :—" It was a beautiful death to die : at her post to the last, and so ending a life of devotion to duty and consistent self-sacrifice, both at school and in that secret and sacred home-life of which we cannot speak, and where we can only tender our sympathy with those she has left behind her. It has not only been in the excellence of her teaching and influence, but the peculiarly loving care of her girls, and her loyalty and kindness to others, which has made many of us feel we have lost a personal friend."

On December 21st, 1904, at 348, Gillott Road, Edgbaston. Elsie Lavinia (Elsie Holmes, Lincoln, 1890-1), wife of Edward L. Field, aged 33 years.

On January 13th, at Hartshorne, Burton-on-Trent, Sarah Ann, wife of William James Orme. The following is taken from a Burton newspaper :—

" We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Sarah Ann Orme, of Hartshorne, the wife of Mr. William James Orme, the churchwarden. The deceased lady was an active church-worker, and there has been no church function for many years at which she has not been one of the most prominent. One of her latest acts was to arrange the tea and social on January 4th, for funds with which to pay the bell-ringers, and as usual with her work, it proved most successful. The funeral took place at the Parish Church, Hartshorne, on Wednesday, there being much sympathetic interest manifested. ' Peace, perfect peace,' was sung during the service, and ' O rest in the Lord ' was played on the organ as the *cortège* wended its way to the grave-side. General sorrow is expressed with Mr. Orme's family in their sad bereavement."

Mrs. Orme was known to Lincoln students as Sarah Ann Smith ; her College years were 1873-4.

On January 17th, 1905, at Riverslea, Lincoln, of typhoid fever, Kathleen Aviss (Lincoln 1895-6).

A SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

SECOND PAPER.—VENICE.

WHEREIN lies the charm of Italy ? Again and again during our happy Easter visit of 1904 this question presented itself to my mind. Perhaps the writing of this second paper will help me to find a more decisive answer than I have hitherto been able to make. That it has a fascination far beyond that of mere novelty, of ordinary *foreignness*, is not to be denied, but whether historical associations, or nature's luxuriance, or the exhilarating air of this sunny clime are most responsible, it is difficult to say. Certain it is, however, that this wondrous fascination is most powerfully exercised by the enchantress city, the widowed Queen of the Adriatic, whose visionary charms cast a spell over the imagination in earliest childhood.

It was as fitting as it was thrilling to enter the city by night, the shimmer of water, the gleam of reflected lights, the soft splash of the oars, the cry of the gondoliers, were characteristic introductions to her fantastic witcheries, and were well calculated to put us once and for all into Mrs. Oliphant's category of those "who are entirely subdued by her special charm, who never get beyond that sense of something miraculous, "the rapture of the first vision."

But it is time to leave meditation on the mystery and majesty of this European Tyre and go back to that memorable Easter Monday from which dates the record of our own first impressions of the distinctive attractions of the Queen city. Several hours' railway travelling carried us over the Apennines to Bologna, through a succession of narrow defiles, into whose tunnelled sides we frequently disappeared, emerging as frequently into the open to enjoy the delightful combination of wooded slopes, bare craggy peaks, and nestling hamlets with their slender conspicuous campaniles. Beyond Bologna we entered the eastern section of the great Lombardy Plain, and sped along through interminable fields of maize, and wheat, and rice, intersected by endless rows of mulberry trees, and miles of irrigation canals, but here our hitherto keen interest in natural scenery perceptibly flagged, and our attention confined itself to the interior of the carriage, to our fellow-travellers, or rather, to be more accurate, it became an entirely unknown quantity.

The shades of evening had long ago deepened into night, when the cry of *Maestre! Maestre!* startled us into consciousness. Full realisation of the fact that this was the last station on the mainland, and that consequently we had arrived at the eastern edge of the country, was not long delayed, for already a glimmer of restless waters was visible, as well as the outline of the long railway bridge, "which has dissolved the marriage of Venice with the sea," and by means of which we were making our way to the "hundred isles" in the very heart of the great lagoon.

As I have already intimated, our arrival by night was the most thrilling, the most novel of all our Italian experiences. On descending from the train at Venice station, which by the way is absolutely commonplace, a dampness, real or fancied, appeared to pervade the air, and to indicate the proximity of water. Fatigue was forgotten by the curious and expectant crowd of foreign passengers who were dutifully following the barrow loads of luggage, *en queue*. Wondering ejaculations and admiring comments rose on all sides as we emerged on to the railway quay and came in full view of the gleaming dark green waters of the Grand Canal, on whose bosom rocked a number of the famous gondolas, which were evidently to perform the duties of the city cab. Excited directions and frantic gesticulations accom-

panied and doubtless facilitated the embarkation of both our baggage and ourselves. The former, after seemingly violent altercations between porters and gondoliers, was flung pell-mell to the bottom of the hearse-like gondolas, regardless of ownership—it was quite as convenient to be rowed to your hotel with an assortment of the luggage belonging to another boat's company as to go with your own! A difference of destination was too insignificant a trifle to be worthy of consideration. Being as yet unfamiliar with the limited accommodation of these water cabs, I unwisely descended the steps of the quay, sprang into one of them, and entered its dark cabin in the wake of a party of three comparative strangers. Like most square vehicles this one had only four corners, but as likewise it had only corner seats, it was already *complet*. Had I been in England I should have ventured to grope my way out again, but I dared not face the storm of expostulation that would have greeted such an attempt. Our boat led the van, but soon a more rapid bark darted swiftly past us, and a well-known cough reassured me as to my companion's whereabouts. Thenceforward I was able to give myself up to the complete enjoyment of the strange yet beautiful panorama that was unrolling itself around us.

Small wonder that a dreamy fascination crept over us, and a sense of unreality took possession of our senses. For myself it seemed impossible that impressions of Venice were actually being graven on my mind, it must be rather that I was once again reading the impressions of another, vivid and life-like enough to conjure up this beautiful vision. The shining avenue of the Grand Canal, stretching far away into the unknown, gave back dancing reflections of the twin lines of light that half revealed and half obscured its long succession of stately palaces—revealed their marble façades in all the glamour of moonlight, obscured their ruin and decay in the tinted mystery of night. Just aft of the black-draped *felze* (cabin), on the tiny deck that covered the stern of the boat stood the lithe and picturesque gondolier, whose rhythmic movements harmonised so well with the gentle gliding of his slender boat. Those movements and attitudes seem common to the whole race of gondoliers, and by day, at least, form one of the greatest charms of the Canal, silhouetted as they are against the background of bright green water and blue sky. It would be difficult to say which feature of this enchanting scene afforded the keenest delight as we floated on in "the lucid stillness of the water city into poetry and wonderland"; we certainly enjoyed to the full this pleasantest of all means of locomotion, but, perhaps, the dreamy hush that brooded over and mysteriously combined with "the soft pulsation and twinkle of life" imbued us most deeply with the true spirit of the scene. The roll of wheels and the clatter of hoofs are conspicuous by their absence, the strange quietness that reigns in their stead is broken only by

the harmonious hum of human voices, by the liquid plash of waters gently laving the feet of the marble steps and shadowy walls, and musically responding to each dip of the oar and each forward bound of the boat.

At last the bold curve of a great bridge spanning the broad water highway came in sight; the first glance was enough to tell us that we were face to face with that famous Rialto that was and is so bound up with the history of Venice. Before we had time to realise the thoughts that it suggested, we shot into a darksome water alley where grim and lofty buildings rose sheer from the water's edge on either side. On and on, round sharp corners, into still narrower water lanes, we wended our way, day dreams, or rather *night* dreams, of the charm and grandeur of the once mighty Republic gave place to gruesome memories and stories of her dread tribunal, the Secret Council, of her short but sure methods of disposing of all who were suspected of opposition to her haughty will, and someone even went so far as to put thoughts into words and ask who would be the wiser if that stately gondolier dropped us all to the bottom of this mysterious mediæval bye-way. Now and then it seemed as though we might be disposed of in a more modern fashion—less barbarous, perhaps, but equally effectual—for a collision with an approaching gondola appeared inevitable, and it was by no means without alarm that we watched it pass within a hair's breadth of our own craft.

One little incident startled us out of all proportion to its importance; our boatman suddenly thrust his head into the cabin, and in sepulchral tones instructed us to "Remember the gondolier." It took us a moment to recognise our mother tongue, but having done so we did not see our way to carrying out his instructions, for we believed our fares to have been already paid, and were in blissful ignorance alike of tariff and distances.

At last we drew up before a flight of steps where it was evidently intended we should disembark, though there was no sign of hotel or porters or aught to indicate a landing-place, except the stout posts to which our boat was soon moored. We had noticed similar groups of posts at intervals, near the principal entrances of the larger habitations, and later, in daylight, discovered that they were painted with the heraldic colours of their former owners. Fresh appeals for *remembrance* found us obdurate as before; leaving the luggage stranded on the tiny quay, we sought vainly to right and left, along the narrow side-walk for some indication that this was our destination, when, just as we were beginning to wonder whether we were lost, stolen, or only strayed, we were cheered by the sight of our hotel concierge and a porter. Their voluble explanations fell on unheeding ears, for we were much more anxious to rejoin our

friends, to make acquaintance with our night quarters than to know the why and wherefore of anything, no matter how fluent the English. A short walk along one or two of the few *paved* alleys that supplement the canals of Venice brought us to the Hotel Belle Vue where our friends were anxiously awaiting our forlorn quartette. We mounted at once to our rooms and though it was already past 11 p.m. fatigue and hunger were both forgotten as we gazed for the first time on the gleaming marbles of St. Mark's. To find not only its wondrous form, but also the Piazza, the Piazzetta, and even the Grand Canal itself all on view from our bedroom windows,—from *our* balcony, was almost enough to make us forego the long-delayed meal and to feast on the beautiful sights instead. The sun woke me at an outrageously early hour the next morning, but I forgave it when I found it was anxious to show me a vision of domes and pinnacles as I lay enjoying my hard-earned rest. To behold such things from one's pillow was a veritable climax of luxury!

If the Piazza Signoria is the centre of life in Florence, the Piazza of St. Mark is the "very heart of Venice, and from this heart beats new life in every direction, through an intricate system of streets and canals that bring it back again to the same centre. . . . Of all the open spaces in the city, that before the Church of St. Mark alone bears the name of Piazza, and the rest are called merely *campi* or fields. But if the company of the noblest architecture can give honour, the Piazza of St. Mark's merits its distinction, not in Venice only, but in the whole world. . . . The church, which the mighty bell-tower and the lofty height of the palace-lines make to look low, is in no wise humbled by the contrast, but is like a queen enthroned, amidst upright reverence. . . . Its interior is heaven's, but its exterior, like a good man's daily life, is earth's, and it is this winning loveliness of earth that attracts you to it. . . . When you emerge from its portals, you emerge upon spaces of such sunny length and breadth, set round with such exquisite architecture, that it makes you glad to be living in this world.

Whatever could please, the Venetian seems to have brought within and made part of his Piazza, that it might remain for ever the city's supreme grace; and so though there are public gardens and several pleasant walks within the city, the great resort in summer and winter, by day and by night, is the Piazza San Marco."

The French writer, Michelet, called this Square the first salon of the world, the salon of the whole human race, where all nations met, where Asia conversed with Europe by the voice of Marco Polo, where in the days anterior to the press, humanity could quietly commune with herself, where in short lay the brain and heart of the globe.

It needed but one day in Venice to convince us of the truth

of all this, to demonstrate that the charm and glory of this heart of the city is undoubtedly that same exquisite architecture which surrounds the broad open space, of some 576 feet in length. It is paved throughout with dark stone, chequered with broad bands of white marble, on three sides rise marble palaces supported on a continuous arcade, on the north, the old Procuratie, and on the South, parallel with the Quay, the new Procuratie, the latter now a Royal Palace, but both formerly residences of the 19 Procurators (Churchwardens) of St. Mark's, who ranked next to the Doge and took charge of the treasures of the church. Beneath the arcade is the favourite promenade with the finest shops and most popular cafés of the city, and in this brilliantly-lighted quarter lounges all Venice nightly, strolling, chatting, smoking, enjoying the strains of music, bargaining with the vendors of the pretty Venetian beads, of trifles in mosaic, of exquisite glass, lace, and jewellery. Hundreds of small tables at the edge of the side walks attract a crowd of patrons, and it is easy to see by this animated scene that if architecture charms by day, social outdoor intercourse is in greater favour by night.

The Piazza opens out into the Piazzetta, a smaller square which leads on to the lagoon and terminates there in the Molo or principal landing-place. The Doge's Palace flanks it on the East, adjoining the Cathedral, opposite stands the Old Library, "the crowning triumph of art," whose double rows of open arches form a continuation of the new Procuratie to which it is attached (at right angles). On the Molo or Quay at the lagoon end of the Piazzetta stand, like sentinels guarding the entrance of this city realm, two magnificent granite columns, one surmounted by the Winged Lion of St. Mark, and the other by the statue of the earlier patron saint of Venice, St. Theodore, standing on a crocodile. These are part of the spoil of the Eastern Mediterranean brought home as trophies of victory from the isles of the Archipelago in 1127. A third was lost in the sea, and for fifty years these two laid buried in the mud on the landing-place, until at last, a Doge offered *any* reward to whoever should safely uplift them. The successful mason demanded that gambling, elsewhere prohibited, should be allowed on this spot; the irrevocable promise was duly kept, but made of no effect by the order that this should be henceforward the place for public executions, thus rendering it at the same time a place of evil omen.

Our first day in Venice began in the great square, the home of the *historic* pigeons—descendants, it may be, of carrier pigeons used by a crusading Doge—which collect in greatest numbers when the hour of two is struck by two Moorish figures on the bell of the Torre dell' Orologio, and simultaneously indicated on its gorgeous dial of blue and gold, that being the intimation that their mid-day meal is at hand. Brilliant sunshine flooded the

marble, the gold, and mosaics of the great Cathedral, and produced a bewildering sensation of wonder and delight at its Oriental magnificence. We understand now what Forsyth meant when he called it "a fragment of the Empire of the East," and familiar lines from Wordsworth and Byron took a deeper significance as we gazed on that glorious façade.

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee."

"Her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers."

But for the moment, all definite phases of its history, its *raison d'être* as the Chapel Royal of the Ducal Palace, its sudden accession of glory when it received the relics of St. Mark, its fires and restorations, its later development into a Cathedral were as completely forgotten as the criticisms of its jumble of architecture, and its mixture of marbles from many lands—forgotten in an outburst of involuntary admiration of this wonderful structure with its "confused pile of domes and minarets and recessed arches, columns of marble and alabaster, glowing mosaics and grotesque carvings heaped in more than oriental confusion and disorder. Gradually the exquisite symmetry of the whole is realised—a symmetry, however, like that of the work of nature, which admits of infinite variety of detail, no part being a mere reproduction of any other part."

I offer no apology for the long and numerous quotations already made, indeed I may as well boldly confess that I am going to make longer ones still! It would be obviously unfair to the readers of an article on Venice to do otherwise—not to take the opportunity of presenting them with such a perfect word-picture as the following, from the "Stones of Venice:—" Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture and alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. . . . And round the walls of the porches here are set pillars of variegated stone, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss,' . . . and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in

their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

After this revel in polished English, in prose that is almost poetry, I cannot refrain from attempting some little record in more homely phrase of our own impressions of St. Mark's. It may set at defiance all the sacred canons of architecture by its medley of styles, Greek, Gothic, Saracenic, Byzantine, by its gorgeous, not to say fantastic colouring, "its wild blazonry," but even so it did not fail to enchant our untutored eyes with both its symmetry and splendour. For myself, as I re-read now the severe, but doubtless just criticisms on its short-comings, I am pagan enough to be glad that my limited knowledge of the laws of architecture left me free to enjoy even this bizarre specimen.

The most notable features of the somewhat low but broad façade which fills the whole of one side of the square, are the two rows of deeply-recessed and round-headed arches, the lower one of which is supported on a double tier of closely-ranged pillars of precious marbles. These marble columns, porphyry, jasper, serpentine, verd-antique, spoils from the East of every variety of colour, continue within the recesses of the five porticoes in an unbroken curve (unbroken that is only by the doorway of each). All five arches are similar in form, but the central one rises far above its companions and is proportionately broader. Within the recesses of each is a lesser corresponding arch forming the immediate head of the doorway, and between these outer and inner limits the concave surfaces are lined with bright mosaics—pictures painted by piecing together minute fragments of coloured glass—all set in a ground of gold, likewise of mosaics. Four out of the five depict the story of the translation of the bones of St. Mark from a desecrated Christian Church in Alexandria to this new and glorious shrine. The five upper arches in which the façade culminates are in every way a duplicate of the lower, the same rounded head, the same lining of glittering mosaics, the same dominating central arch, but to each and all is the striking addition of a pointed outer rim, rising above and beyond the circular mouldings of the arch proper. This pointed outer arch is lavishly decorated with rich sculptury, "marble foam," and "sculptured spray," a succession of statues recline on its curves, while from its apex springs yet another of more gigantic proportions—and again, at the point of junction of each arch with its neighbour rise slender cupolas enshrining still other statues. Thus the whole front lifts itself lightly into the air

with a beautifully irregular outline, and both lightness and irregularity form a pleasing contrast to the solidity and uniformity of the lower parts of the structure. These "wreaths of sculptured spray" find a fitting background in the blue sky and the swelling domes that look like softly-rounded clouds which a breath of wind might carry away.

Between the upper and lower row of arches runs a marble gallery, whence a magnificent view of the Piazza and Piazzetta may be obtained, and in which, immediately over the central portal, stand the four famous Bronze Horses, celebrated alike for their travels and their beauty—

"The four steeds divine
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very porch."

were brought by blind old Dandolo, a warrior Doge, as trophies of the conquest of Constantinople. Their earliest authentic journey was from a triumphal arch at Rome to that Eastern capital, and not from Greece as was long supposed; their last was from another triumphal arch in Paris back to their present quarters, whence they had been seized by Napoleon. Fortunately for Venice the peace of 1815 decreed the restoration of the spoil. High above St. Mark's steeds and the central upper arch is the field of blue spangled with stars on which is lifted the glittering winged Lion of St. Mark, and higher still shoot the spires which, with their clusters of golden balls look like branching lamps elevated in mid-air to illumine the domes and pinnacles of the roof. In front of the Cathedral rise three tall flag-staffs of cedar from which used to float the banners of the Republic and her Dependencies, replaced now on fête days by the flag of United Italy. They, too, are surmounted by the ubiquitous Lion.

The interior of St. Mark's is no less gorgeous than the exterior, and the effects of both "depend not only upon the most delicate sculpture, but eminently on colour also, and that the most subtle, variable, inexpressible colour in the world, of transparent alabaster, of polished marble and lustrous gold. . . . There opens before us a vast cave hollowed out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like stars. . . . What else there is of light is from silver lamps burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the Chapels; the roof, sheathed with gold and the polished walls covered with rich alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames." Within and without, in marble or mosaic, St. Mark's became the history and the Bible of its city; "a glorious Bible, for the skill and treasures of the East had gilded every letter and illumined every page till the Book Temple shone from afar off like the star of the Magi."

It is some time before one can fully take in the beauties and the wonders of this interior, before one can grasp the richness and variety of the details that combine to produce such a harmonious whole. In spite of the multi-coloured marbles that form the columns and panels of the lower walls, and of the glitter of the mosaics that cover the upper part of the Church, the prevailing tone of colour is a soft, dull, almost brownish red, due, perhaps, to the lavish use of porphyry. To say that the roof and upper walls are "draped with mosaic" is to convey no idea of the enormous area (45,000 square feet) so encased, for the deep arches springing from the succession of pillars dividing the aisles, and continued upwards as flat wall surfaces to the roof, enormously increase the extent available for such decoration. To walk along an upper gallery with its endless ins and outs, to find every inch of surface overlaid with gigantic pictures, embedded everywhere in a bright background of gold, to approach near enough to perceive that all this is not painting but mosaic work, is a revelation indeed. Natural attitudes and graceful draperies seem as possible as with a painter's brush—in all but the earliest Byzantine mosaics, in which are to be seen the same crude representation of the human form as in early paintings. We much enjoyed our attempts to decipher the Biblical stories and the many legends told by these pictures, but had to cut them short, it would require weeks rather than days to complete such a study. One of the very quaintest is a genealogical tree of Mary, showing her descent from Adam, and is literally a large tree with figures of her lineal ancestors sitting on the branches at intervals.

We have by no means exhausted the treasures of this Museum of Antiquities to which every loyal Venetian used to make his contribution, where every stone has a history, and where, nevertheless, everything is in harmony, but much must be omitted, for it is more than time to turn our attention to the Palace of the Doges. Dickens tells us that he thought it "more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime of fulness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries—so light, they might be the work of fairy hands; so strong, that centuries have hattered them in vain—wind round and round this Palace, and enfold it with a Cathedral, gorgeous in the wild luxuriant fancies of the East." To visit two such beautiful buildings in one day was a privilege that was almost overwhelming; they are, as Dickens so poetically indicates, not only near neighbours, but a continuous block of buildings, and so there was no intervening journey during which we might digest the one feast before we started a second; still our very valuable time was thus saved, and Venice gains immeasurably by the contiguity.

This Palace was not merely the residence of the head of

the State, but the Westminster where all State Councils were held. Its exterior is decidedly unique in appearance, for in defiance of the general rule its lower storeys are of a lighter style of architecture than the upper. The lower part consists of two open colonnades, one above the other, under the lower we enjoyed many pleasant little strolls during our short stay, finding, like so many others, welcome shade in its cloistered recesses. Above the slender shafts and richly-decorated mouldings of the upper colonnade rises the highest and loftiest storey of the building, whose "smooth mass of wall" is in violent contrast to the grace and delicacy of the arcades beneath. The monotonous flatness of this wall-surface in all pictured illustrations of the Palace had always reminded me strongly of the prison-like exteriors of Moorish habitations, but a closer acquaintance proved it to be most effectively decorated in the Moorish manner by means of a lozenge-pattern of pale red and white marble, whose combined tints made a further contrast to the white marble below. Here again, according to Ruskin, the Venetians indulged in their love of rich and fantastic colour, but true to the perfection of their colour-instinct produced "as lovely a dream as ever filled the imagination." This lozenge-patterned wall-surface is not entirely unbroken however, for at intervals occur arched windows, by which the hall of the Great Council and other State Rooms occupying this part of the edifice, are lighted. The most beautiful is the large centre window, on the lagoon side of the Palace, opening on to a balcony, from which the appointment of the new Doge was always announced.

The principal entrance is from the Piazzetta by the Porta Della Carta, a magnificent and richly-ornamented doorway, which admits into the large inner court round which the Palace is built. The wealth of architectural decoration of the buildings surrounding this quadrangle is startling, columns, arches, statues, balconies wondrously combined. Opposite the gateway is the imposing Giants' Staircase, so-called from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune guarding it at its head. Here the Doges were crowned, and here the famous Doge Faliero was beheaded as a traitor. Here also are the two Lion's Mouths, slits in the stone wall, in which all and sundry might drop anonymous denunciations. Thus it was that secret slander led to many a mysterious disappearance in the days of the dread Venetian inquisition, the Secret Council of Three. Higher still is the Golden Staircase, disappointing, perhaps, in appearance, but then it owed its name only to the high quality of the Venetians who were allowed to tread thereon—a privilege limited to those whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book as Nobles. The walls and ceilings of the various State Rooms are covered with paintings of past Doges, of Biblical Scenes, and of famous events in the history of the city, by Tintoretto, Contarini,

Veronese, Titian, and others. The gigantic size of Tintoretto's works seemed to inartistic eyes their most striking characteristic, in the vast Hall of the Greater Council we found a succession of enormous pictures, amongst them a painting of Paradise, said to be literally the largest canvas in the world. All round the frieze are portraits of no less than seventy-two Doges, yet the one square space covered with black and bearing an inscription recording the execution of Faleiro was the one that attracted most attention.

Like all other visitors, we made our way to the prisons by the covered gallery that runs through the famous Bridge of Sighs from the second storey of the Palace; this bridge crosses the narrow, gloomy little canal that runs close by the eastern wall, and is one of the most important thoroughfares of the city.

The churches, other than St. Mark's, received but scant attention, perhaps we were deterred by the alarming total of sixty! The beautiful domes of St. Maria Salute, which figures in Turner's well-known picture, sometimes deceived us by their resemblance to the sister-domes of the Basilica. This church stands opposite the Doge's Palace at the entrance to the Grand Canal. Amongst the few we visited was the Westminster Abbey of Venice, the quaint old edifice of St. Giovanni and Paola, in which lie many generations of Doges.

Shall I ever get away from Venice? It is a herculean task to attempt to do it justice in any way. There is so much that has not been even named. How it managed to display so many of its treasures to us in four short days is beyond my power to explain.

Walks through the Merceria, the narrow winding street that leads to the Rialto and forms the busiest commercial quarter—where prices are less prohibitive than in the aristocratic Piazza—were always longer than we meant them to be, the wares were so tempting and varied! We ended our first day's explorations by a sail to the Lido, the sea-side and bathing-resort of Venice, for though Venice is a water-city, her waters are not the open sea. The Lido is the largest and longest of the long narrow belt of islands that shut in the lagoon and form a sandbank and break-water—entrance being only possible at the narrow sea passage between the islands. Standing on this flat sandy beach (that somehow reminded one of Skegness), we looked out on the deep, dark blue waters of the Adriatic. Much as we admired the vast stretch of sea we had no remotest desire to emulate the Venetians by making a prolonged stay. Perhaps the very heavy price we paid for very feeble tea and very objectionable bread and butter had something to do with our lack of enthusiasm about the Lido.

On the second day we went by steamer to Murano, a small island up the lagoon, and there had the delightful opportunity of watching the interesting processes of the glass manufacture. The

skill with which the deft workmen manipulated the hot fluid, cutting, curving, twisting, fascinated us all. Then followed fascination of another kind as we entered one of the show-rooms of the finished specimens. In the afternoon we sailed still further up the lagoon to the tiny island of Burano, where we found a quaint fishing village with a narrow, black canal for its main street. Here we visited a school of a novel kind, in which some twenty or thirty girls—or rather women—were busily engaged in making the priceless Venetian lace. After admiring the exquisite designs and watching the flying fingers of the workers, we enquired the price of one magnificent piece. Prices lost interest after that enquiry! From Burano we pursued our way to still one more islet, Torcello, and there explored the ruins of the mother-city of Venice. Little remains now to tell the tale of its former prosperity and importance except the quaint Cathedral with its remarkable chancel, at the end of which are seats rising in tiers in the semi-circular form of a theatre, and the unique stone shutters of its windows. A commodious marble seat called Attila's chair, standing in the deep grass near the Cathedral, keeps in mind the history of the foundation of the city when the Venetians were driven from the mainland by the hordes of Huns led thither by the dreaded Attila.

A not unwelcome change in the arrangements for the third day left us free to follow our own devices, so we took the comfortable penny steamer—a penny from one end of the Grand Canal to the other—and went the whole length of this highway, and did our best to identify the most famous and the most beautiful of the palaces and churches lining its banks. We landed at the Accademia to see one of Titian's masterpieces, the Assumption of the Virgin, and we also made our way with some little difficulty and much doubt as to our route, to the Church of the Frari to see a famous Madonna by the Venetian painter Bellini. A long afternoon in St. Mark's, last strolls round the Piazza, a last little shopping expedition in the Merceria, and many last looks at the lagoon, and our Venetian visit came to an end. That landing-place of midnight memories looked less weird in the sunny light of day, and our last row in a gondola was an unqualified pleasure except for some lingering regret that it was the last.

The Campanile is no more! This was a further cause for regret, for we missed perforce the opportunity of seeing the famous bell-tower which had stood sentinel over the Cathedral for upwards of a thousand years. Standing as it did, apart from, and yet near to St. Mark's, it guarded both the sacred edifice and the entrance to its immediate precincts, the Great Piazza, just as the twin giants of the Molo guard the mother-edifice and its outer court the Piazzetta. Nevertheless, we both saw and heard something of its successor, for we could look down from our balcony into the boarded enclosure within which the foundations had been already

laid, and from an early hour each morning we could hear the deep harmonious singing which seemed an essential accompaniment to the progress of the work.

I am almost ashamed to confess it, but one more lurking desire remained unsatisfied, a wish to see the model of the Bucentaur, the State barge, from which for six centuries the annual wedding ceremony, on Ascension Day, which united the Adriatic with the Great Republic, was performed. A State procession of boats to the Lido was followed by the throwing of a ring into the sea with the words "We espouse thee, sea, in sign of true and lasting dominion." Byron tells us of a time when—

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!"

but since then the historic vessel has fallen on still more evil days, and now, like the Campanile, is no more!

Away from the glamour and free from the spell that these old Republics never fail to cast over those who are drawn thither, while calmly reviewing all that they revealed to us, we cannot but be struck with the fundamental difference in their legacies to mankind. The gifted sons of Florence—amongst them the very fathers of art and poetry—have left their names writ large on the world-history of art and literature, but what of the sons of Venice? A group of famous painters, a few celebrated navigators, and the tale of illustrious men is complete. And why? The Venetians were rather soldiers and patriots than scholars and artists, but more than that, it was their highest duty and their pride to glorify their city, and thus they were content to die unknown, to enrol her name rather than their own in the world's book of fame.

M. TURNER.

A VOICE FROM A VILLAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, it seems now, some friends of mine, who were going in strongly for photography, tried to induce me to follow suit. They showed me some very pretty pictures taken while they had been away on a short cycling tour; also some interesting snapshots of various members of the family, including the dog Jim, a wide-awake Irish terrier. I was sufficiently interested to enquire into the means and methods of obtaining the pictures, but I must confess that the description of the various photographic processes somewhat daunted me, and not without reason, as I think you will allow when I explain.

My friends lived in a house with all the conveniences usual in towns, including running water in abundance. They had also a convenient hayloft where, with a few boards and the exercise of a

little ingenuity, a capital dark-room was contrived, free from stuffiness, and not so confined in area as the usual amateur's dark room. I, on the other hand, was living in a country cottage, where every drop of water used had to be fetched from a pump outside, and where the waste water had to be carried outside to be disposed of, there being no sinkstone indoors. The only place available for a dark-room was a closet or wardrobe upon the stairs—that might serve, with a little management, though the ventilation, or rather the lack of it, certainly left much to be desired; but how about the water supply?

The negatives, after development, required to be washed in running water for about twenty minutes. The washing of the prints is an even more formidable matter, and takes a very much longer time, otherwise they are liable to quickly fade in consequence of the traces of "fixing salts" which will remain upon them. The only time when our water supply could be described as "running," was when someone was busy at the pump handle, and though "pump drill," in moderation, *might* prove beneficial, I scarcely cared to indulge in it to any extent myself, nor could I find anyone who had a sufficient high opinion of its possible good effects to offer me their services gratuitously. No! the thing looked rather impossible, I must confess, and I said so.

However, there are few difficulties which cannot be surmounted if only one's mind is set upon the task. A month or two later, I was fairly started as a novice in the art of photography. I had procured a large stone jar, holding several gallons, and provided with a tap. The jar could be filled, the tap turned, and there was the very thing I wanted. A dish to hold the plates or prints, and a pail to catch the overflow, were easily arranged, and work proceeded merrily. You may be sure, considering the task of replenishing the jar was no light one, that I exercised as much economy as was safe, or advisable, if one desired satisfactory work.

My experiences, I suppose, were much the same as those of most beginners. Some plates were spoiled for lack of experience, some for want of care in their manipulation, and still others in making unsuccessful experiments. An occasional success, usually, it must be confessed, a quite accidental one, had to suffice, just at first.

I found some of my earliest victims amongst the school children—I don't know how I should have got on without them. They were so easily satisfied, poor little mites, and so ready to pose again and again, whenever required.

My first camera was fitted with a portrait lens, therefore I confined my efforts almost solely to figures and groups.

I remember one little fellow coming to be photographed. His mother had dressed him so carefully in his best black knickers and white sailor blouse; I *did* think he would make a nice picture. His auntie came with him, and said she would also like her

portrait taken, but separately. I had my dark slide ready—I only possessed one at that time, and I proceeded in a very business-like manner. The child was placed in position, also the camera. I disappeared under the black cloth, re appeared, took the usual steps necessary for the production of a picture, and released the "victim." His place was taken by the "auntie," and the process was repeated—rather a tedious one, I believe my subjects found it, for in my efforts to get everything as perfect as possible, I spent an unusually long time in focussing. &c Well, in due time, when I had dismissed my clients, I proceeded to develop the plates, and it was not long before I found *something* strange. There appeared, almost simultaneously, a semi-transparent image of a boy, and most mysteriously blended with it, a likewise semi-transparent image of a lady, both apparently clear in outline, but, like the Siamese twins, inseparable. I had, of course, exposed the one plate twice over, and the other not at all. I afterwards obtained two fairly satisfactory negatives of the boy, but his aunt preferred to postpone, indefinitely, a second sitting—it is still being postponed.

I found that "grown-ups," at this stage of my experience, were singularly hard to please. One old lady I took very nicely, except for one unimportant detail—the top of her head was omitted from the picture. She failed, however, to appreciate the originality of the pose, and did not ask for any copies after I sent her the proof. Another lady surveyed her photographic presentment with the remark that "She knew she was not handsome, but she did not know she was *quite* so ugly as that!" Her picture was consigned to the flames.

A third anxiously requested me to destroy the negative, and never could be prevailed upon to face the camera again. It really was very discouraging, and I made up my mind that when I did become a professional, I would make children my special line, and leave their elders to the tender mercies of those who have learned the art of flattering, or in other words, "re-touching."

Such, briefly, is the history of my first efforts in the photographic line. After the first season, I must confess that, for a year or two, my camera seldom saw the light—my ardour had considerably cooled. Last season, however, I bought a new snapshot camera, and, having bought it, wondered why I had done so. From April to July, it was packed away. One bright summer day I took it down the village and obtained a few views. I purchased a packet of sensitized post-cards, and printed a few to send to my friends. In due course they were posted. The very next time I went down the street, I was accosted by the postmistress, who asked if I would mind printing a few for sale. I had no particular objection, especially as the small profit I might make would enable me to buy fresh material—for all who have tried it are aware that photography is not the cheapest of hobbies. The postmistress

received her cards, and I received a surprise. For several months I found I was simply inundated by requests for supplies of cards and suggestions for new pictures. There is scarcely a scrap of the village which does not appear on one or another of my cards. Many people wished for views of their own houses for Christmas cards, and as far as time permitted, I supplied them.

I have printed something like fourteen hundred cards, and, though the demand has lessened considerably since Christmas, it has not ceased. I have every reason to suppose that, if I desired, I could get, in the village and district, quite a considerable trade if I cared to push matters at all, which, as my time is, like that of most teachers, fairly well occupied, I don't.

However, those in search of a paying hobby, please note, While the picture post card craze still flourishes, there is still an opening for the enterprising.

A. C. FINCH.

TWO UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ESSAYS.

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE.

THE INFLUENCES WHICH FAVOURED AND HINDERED THE GROWTH OF GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE are few things in this rather curious world so remarkable as the history of geographical research. No other section of the path of learning has been pursued so erratically; no other branch of the tree of knowledge has borne such a medley of fruit; no other theme for speculation has produced theories so wild and absurd. The evolution of geography affords some interesting studies in psychology as well as history. The mind of man, particularly in the earlier stages of civilization, is intensely susceptible to the terror of the unknown. That an unexplored ocean should be in its main features not unlike an explored one, or an unknown country have no more terrible characteristics than one well known, was conceivable in the days when such things still existed, and people were willing to believe any tale of the terrors of the unknown that a prolific imagination might suggest.

But in minds of a certain stamp, curiosity is apt to gain a strong ascendancy. For them the unknown has a fascination which drives out fear. Its boundless possibilities may partly account for the fascination, but probably curiosity pure and simple is responsible for much more. The aspiration "to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars," is with some men a part of their very nature. Then when the pursuit of absolute knowledge has set the ball rolling, many other impulses come into play, and chief among them the desire for acquisition.

The Middle Ages present an interesting study in the influences which favour or retard the accumulation of earth knowledge. In

the first place there was still very much to learn—the “known” world was still comparatively small, and so some advance was practically inevitable, and in the course of fourteen hundred years a very considerable advance might be expected.

But the great motive of curiosity was stifled at the beginning of this era by the mistaken zeal of a great geographer. This was Ptolemy of Alexandria, who put forth a “System of the Universe,” together with a map of the world—known and unknown—altogether a most astounding mixture of fact and falsehood which was not resolved into its component parts for many centuries. Ptolemy must have been a man of very powerful imagination, and possessed of no mean opinion of himself. He filled in the blank spaces on his map with such things as he considered most suitable, making it “a triumph of learned imagination over humdrum research.” The work of one of the most learned men of the time was accepted in all good faith, and, strange to say, it was many centuries before Ptolemy’s theories were called in question. At the end of the fifteenth century Columbus still believed that Western Europe was not very far from Eastern Asia, and acted on his belief, so that Ptolemy is indirectly responsible for the discovery of America. By a similar but less happy blunder he failed to make Africa an island, thus discouraging any attempt to reach India by the Cape route. These were not times when all theories had to bear the test of the searchlight of science, and Ptolemy kept his reputation intact, while geographical research was materially retarded.

Another deterrent influence is to be found in the dogmatism of the Christian theologians. They looked on the Bible as a sort of Divine encyclopædia, containing all the knowledge that it behoved man to know. Such expressions as the “corners of the earth” they took literally as a proof that the world was square. The Egyptian monk, Cosmas, is one of the shining lights of this school. In his “Topography of the Universe,” he first lays down as a fact that the earth is flat, then collects a number of texts to support this view. His greatest achievement is to “prove” the idea of the Antipodes to be absurd by a drawing of four men standing feet to feet. These theologians largely assisted in stifling the spirit of enquiry.

The irruption of the Arabs had perhaps a still stronger influence on the progress of geography. They shut off Western Europe from the East, monopolising the trade routes and holding no fellowship with Christian nations. Their explorations were cautious, and the motive was almost entirely gain—not knowledge for itself; that they accepted from the ancient Greeks. Christendom unable to work eastwards independently, accepted its knowledge second-hand from Arabic sources, and as indicated, the amount was not exactly astounding. Since the courage of Europe was not yet screwed up to the point of turning westward and crossing the “great sea of darkness,” the barring of the east was a

fatal blow to European exploration. The infantile state of science in the Dark Ages, the fact that there was as yet no sign of that class of men whose work is so important to practical research, the scientific theorizers, who are the generals of the army of explorers, militated strongly against progress.

The work of the Crusaders in the latter part of this period is the dawn of better things. With it knowledge began once more to depend on actual experience, and Christian Europe to think for itself. The rise of the Mongol power in Asia also stimulated travel by opening up a field for missionary work. On the whole, however, we may say that the Middle Ages are emphatically a dark period in the history of geographical research, a fact thrown into prominence by contrast with the rapid advance and brilliant discoveries which lend lustre to the annals of the succeeding centuries.

ROSE MAWER, Second Year Student.

THE WORK OF "PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR."

GREAT men are produced only when the time is fully ripe for them, and though their aims may vary greatly according to the times in which they live, and also according to the aspect which their greatness assumes, still they will always be found to be directly or indirectly for the good of the world, arising as they must necessarily do, from a more fervent desire after truth.

Towards the beginning of the fifteenth century, the time had dawned when such a man was requisite to the good of the age. The way had been paved for him by the events which had taken place in former centuries, and at this particular time it seemed as if all the nations were anxiously waiting for a leader, who would conduct them from the darkness of ignorance into the glorious noontide of assured knowledge. Such an one was found in the person of Henry the Navigator. In this man were combined the thoughtful ideas which make the theorist, together with the keen desire for action which proclaims the practical man. To him the world owes its thanks for the greater part of that precise geographical knowledge of which it is at present possessed. His aims, like those of all great men, were high, and to a great extent unattainable, at least during his own lifetime. They were threefold. First, he wished to discover, simply for the sake of discovery itself, in his love of the pursuit of knowledge and truth; he was also well aware of the power which the possession of knowledge gives, and so his second aim was to establish an empire for his country, to add to the greatness and wealth of his fatherland. Lastly, he was animated in all his proceedings by an enthusiastic desire to spread the Christian faith. With regard to Henry's geographical discoveries, or his ideas of what was to be discovered, it will be seen that his efforts were mainly directed towards the south and east, and this

from a consideration of the times, is not surprising, as all the interest of that day was centered on the East. Prince Henry's idea in pushing further to the south was in hopes of finding a more direct route to India, the field of wealth, and so by distracting attention from the Mediterranean, with Italy as its centre, to fix it upon his own country of Portugal, thereby making it the world's great centre of commerce.

It may be objected that to have aims is one thing, whilst to carry them into effect is another, and it is certainly reasonable to gauge a man's work by what he succeeds in accomplishing, rather than by what it has been his endeavour to accomplish. The question, then, undoubtedly is, what did Prince Henry accomplish and how far did he succeed in carrying out his aims? When it is considered that he died in the year 1460, before the great discoveries which were to revolutionise the world had been made, there might be at first an inclination to pass him over as a man who though he aided geographical research, yet had little to do with the actual increase of knowledge. This upon very slight considerations will be seen to be quite an erroneous idea. Though Henry the Navigator's highest hopes were not actually realised during his lifetime, still it was his influence which imbued men with the spirit of adventure which at last triumphed, and that not very long after his death. It may be said that he was successful in all which he strove to accomplish. If the results of his work did seem after a period of one hundred years to be passing away, that was due merely to the exhaustion of his people from other causes. Though what he thought out for his country's welfare was realised by others to a great extent, still the inspiration is due to him. He died just within sight of the goal which he had longed to attain, but the full result was none the less his due when it came. His own life is in one sense the least important part concerning him, for it is not by the actual work which he performed that his worth should be measured, but rather in proportion as that work proved a suggestive force in the world.

With regard to his first aim, that of promoting geographical research, and increasing knowledge, it may be said that he succeeded; in fact, that he indirectly did more than he had even hoped to accomplish. His efforts as has been before mentioned, were directed towards the South and East. The route round the south coast of Africa was discovered in 1492, and a new highway to the East was thus opened, so that it might seem Prince Henry's desire was fulfilled in this respect towards the close of the fifteenth century. But greater results were still to accrue from his influence, for the credit usually given to Spain for discovering the New World was in reality indirectly due to Portugal, as Columbus attributed the idea which came to him of a possibility of a passage to the West, to the fact that men were able to sail so far to the South.

Therefore the discovery of America with all that resulted from it may practically be traced to Henry the Navigator. Secondly, with regard to making Portugal a great empire, he was certainly successful during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as during that period Portugal ranked among the foremost commercial and maritime powers of the world. Lastly, with regard to his crusade against the power of Islam, it must be admitted that this really was less steadily followed out by his disciples, if they may be so called, than were his other aims. It is true that a certain amount of missionary work was accomplished, but this was hardly carried out in the right spirit, and for many years Africa might rightly be termed "The Dark Continent," simply from the spiritual condition of its inhabitants. Despite, however, of failures, Prince Henry accomplished, or was the means of accomplishing a glorious work, and it is to his country that the credit is due of making exploration a thing of national interest and of freeing the world from a false philosophy.

ISABEL RIGBY, Second Year Student.

OF ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS.

(By the REV. W. K. STRIDE, M.A.)

AMONG many cheering features of the College work I have met with one serious disappointment. There have been no "howlers." (A "howler," perhaps I ought to explain for the benefit of those who like their "well of English undefiled," is a convenient if unsightly abbreviation of what used to be called a "howling mistake," *i. e.*, some blunder which cried aloud for reproof, or chastisement, or ridicule). The College is disappointingly barren of these. Once, indeed, I thought I had discovered a particularly fine specimen of the Mixed Metaphor—*metaphoria mixta* is, I believe, the botanical name—and I hastened to bid others rejoice with me; but it turned out that the supposed discovery was due rather to haste on the reader's part than to carelessness on the writer's, and the quest is still vain.

Not all centres, however, are so provokingly correct and proper, and I bear on the recording tablets of my mind, and my common place book, a good many reminiscences of blunders, some of which may be of interest to readers of the *L. D. T. C. Magazine*. It should be stated that some of those given below were encountered in the course of examining for "Oxford Locals," and others in University Extension essays.

In a paper on "The Rise and Decline of the Sikhs," one writer, in the course of a spirited description of old Runjeet Singh, persisted in writing his name as "Ranjitsinhji," and adduced, as a proof of the gratitude of the English people for his long friendship with us, the undoubted fact that "even to day there is no name more popular with an English crowd than that of Ranjitsinhji," the

Lion of the Punjab,' as he is called by some, or 'the Black Prince,' as his usual appellation runs." The same pen also furnished an account of the end of the Second Sikh War, which has an etymological charm of its own: "The struggle degenerated into a gorilla warfare—rightly so named, as the frenzied combatants, neglecting to use scientific arms of precision reverted to the primeval weapons of their antropoid ancestors, and tore each other asunder with teeth and claws, as do the great apes of the African forests."

Mention of the Black Prince, a little above, recalls various other explanations of the title. "So called from the colour of his army," says one commentator. "Used to be attended by nigers, who were very wicked, and therefore called his blackguards," says another. "Was not called the Black Prince because he was black, because he was *not* black; but because he died of the Black Death, and he was so beloved that they all went into mourning." The Black Death itself has its alleviations. "It killed half the Priests, and they were very clean, so you can judge from that how many were killed in England." That is rather a cryptic utterance, but it is explained by another writer: "The Black Death was caused by the dirty filthy habits of the people, and the neglect of all sanitary worship, such as the drains were not properly looked after and the ashpits not cleaned. Some monks, which had good water, were hardly touched by the Plague." Another account, written presumably by an Irish boy, says, "The Black Death was a struggle for Life: all the nations of Britain fighting against each other for their freedom."

Two more items about the Black Prince. "He met his death very unfortunately while he was coming to England in 'The White Ship.' He and the sailors had been drinking wine, and the ship dashed into a rock, and only one man was saved, who was not the Black Prince, who never smiled again." "The Black Prince at Crecy found a banner on the battle-field with 3 feathers on it, and the words *Ecce Homo*. He won that battle."

The banner-strewn battle-field recalls the Battle of the Standard, of which there are various legends. "There was a rather peculiar Standard: it was a large hole [*query*, "pole" ?] on which was placed a box, which was filled with Shew Bread." Another explanation, evidently a reminiscence of the Boer War, says: "There was a Red Cross on the Ambulance which denoted it." The following get nearer in the letter, but no nearer in the spirit: "They brought a pole mounted on a waggon, and on the pole there was a box containing the concentrated wafer." "It was a holy biscuit." "It was a sacred wafer." A Lancashire lass (I fancy) was responsible for the local colour in the words, "The Standard was carried on a lurry"; and someone with a large acquaintance with missionary meetings explained that "The Pope raised an army and a Standard or flag, and put it on a barrow:

then he put a cross on the top of the flag, and a collection box underneath."

Mary Queen of Scots has a large share in the affections of those who study her, judging by the vivid descriptions of her life and death.

We hear that, "After Mary Queen of Scots had married three times, she went to England and threw herself hospitably on her cousin Elizabeth," who, not equally hospitable, "threw her into the Tower" "On account of blots being made to release her, and she was supposed to be one of them, she was to have been tried, but she would not, so shortly after she was executed at Fotheringay owing to the thoughtfulness of Elizabeth." "The unhappy Queen came to the scaffold early one morning," "dressed rather finely for such an occasion in a red velvet costume. The pictorial effect must have been appalling." "She was fearless unto death, and made a nice speech before"; some doubt must be admitted to rest on this encomium, however, in view of another account, which says that she "ran round the block three or four times before she was killed."

There is only one writer I have never been able to forgive. She proudly proclaimed at the head of her paper that she was "aged 15 $\frac{3}{4}$," and this is how she dealt with Joan of Arc. "Joan of Arc was a hysterical girl who lived in the Middle Ages, and if she had lived in these more enlightened times she would have been shut up in a lunatic asylum." My little daughter had my hearty sympathy when on reading this she exclaimed, "I should like to *slap* her!" (This "her" was not Joan.) There are other accounts of the maid. "Joan of Arc said she was sent from Heaven, but the English, who were rather suspicious, thought she had been sent from Hell." "She had Charles V. crowned King at Orleans, and after this [base ingratitude of mankind] Charles V. had Joan of Arc burnt." "She was burnt as a heretic, and afterwards found she was a Christian." One tragedian neatly finishes off four or five at once. "Lady Jane Grey, she was executed. Margaret of Anjou, she was beheaded. Jack Cade was brunt. Sebastian Cabot was brunt also." Since the days of Sir Ingoldsby Bray there has been no such slaughter of nobles of high degree.

COLLEGE NOTES.

University Extension Lectures.—A very delightful and stimulating course of lectures was given in the autumn term by R. Warwick Bond, Esq., M.A., on "Tennyson and Matthew Arnold." Students owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Bond, not only for his interesting lectures, but for the infinite care with which he corrected their papers, for his thoughtful criticisms and most helpful notes. The lectures this term are on "The Expansion of Europe," and are given by the Rev. W. K. Stride, M.A.

Lecturer's Report.—"I can report very favourably of this centre. The lectures were listened to with the most patient attention, and almost the whole audience of about one hundred remained for the class. My register enumerates forty-six paper writers, of whom forty qualified for examination, while many other papers were written that I did not see. No doubt was possible about the spontaneous interest taken in the work, an interest the more creditable when it is remembered that it formed only one item in a wide curriculum pursued concurrently, and that the lectures were given during hours of leisure. The general standard of the paper-work was distinctly high; it would have been less high, no doubt, but for able assistance given (quite with my concurrence), at the College itself; but many of the writers were quite capable of doing themselves credit without such help, many good papers showed no recognisable trace of such, and the work as a whole, spite of a few weak exceptions, was marked by the aim at independent search, independent thought, and independent expression. They have covered with fair thoroughness the rather wide ground broken in this short course, and I should expect them to do well in examination. In every way a very pleasant centre to visit."

(Signed), R. WARWICK BOND, Lecturer.

Examiner's Report.—"The work of the candidates for examination reaches a very fair standard of merit. The papers were well written, clearly and sensibly expressed, and show that the lectures have been attentively and intelligently followed. The chief fault shown in them was the absence of individual thought and independent judgment, the lecturer's opinions being too often reproduced without any apparent exercise of thought on the part of the students. The substance of the poems dealt with in the lectures was well-known, but the comparative absence of quotations in illustrating the answers pointed to a want of familiarity with the actual poems themselves. The general excellence of the work done is shown by the number of candidates who passed the examination with distinction, and the Committee should be encouraged by the good result of the work done during the past term.

(Signed), G. NOEL RICHARDSON, Examiner.

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

Passed with Distinction.

<i>Prize Winner</i> —Rigby, Isabel M.	7 Jones, Margaret, S.
2 Bailey, Elizabeth R.	8 Mann, Laura A.
3 Fox, Ethel B.	9 Mawer, Rose S.
4 Gibson, Mary E.	10 Polwarth, Elizabeth
5 Henchcliffe, L. A.	11 Reader, Madeline
6 Heslop, Ethel W.	12 Sivil, Gertrude

Satisfied the Examiner.

1 Bott, Helena M.	11 Hurst, Gertrude A.
2 Bunting, Mary E.	12 Jones, Jessie E. E.
3 Burge, Elizabeth M.	13 Langford, Charlotte
4 Dawe, Florence E.	14 Linnell, Jessie
5 Drury, Margaret E.	15 Richardson, Lily
6 Gibbon, Ida	16 Rosson, Lilian M.
7 Hartley, Ida	17 White, Agnes
8 Hinton, Eva C.	18 White, Louie
9 Hornsby, Ellen M.	19 Winnall, Sarah A.
10 Househam, Mabel	

(Signed), G. NOEL RICHARDSON, Examiner.

An examination for the School Music Teachers' Certificate was held on November 29th, under the direction of Mr. Selby, L.T.S.C., of Nottingham. The following Second Year students entered for examination, and were all successful:—

Elizabeth Bailey, Ada Clarke, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, May Gibson, Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Gertrude Hurst, Margaret Jones, Beatrice Mortlock, Elizabeth Polwarth, Jessie Stringer, Hilda Seymour, Erica Stuart, Sarah Winnall.

These results reflect great credit both on the students themselves and on Miss Bedford, who prepared them.

Miss Ellwell has been very reluctantly compelled, under the pressure of increased work, to give up a considerable part of the teaching of Singing, and Miss Bedford is now mainly responsible for the Reading at Sight in both Notations, Time Tests, and that *bête noire* of nervous students, Ear Tests.

* * *

Friday Evenings.—On six Friday evenings before Christmas Dr. Godfrey Lowe once more kindly gave a series of six lectures on "First Aid to the Injured." So inspiring were both the lecturer and the subject that forty-seven students presented themselves for examination to Dr. Appleby, of Newark, and all were successful in obtaining certificates.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

SYLLABUS OF INSTRUCTION.

First Lecture.

- A. Preliminary remarks, objects of instruction, &c.
- B. A brief description of the human skeleton, bones, joints and the muscular system.
- C. Signs, symptoms and treatment of fractures, dislocations, sprains and strains.
- D. The triangular bandage and its application.

Second Lecture.

- A. The heart and blood vessels, the circulation of the blood.
 B. The general direction of the main arteries, indicating the points where the circulation may be arrested by digital pressure, or by the application of the tourniquet, or by other means.
 C. The difference between arterial, venous and capillary bleeding, and the various extemporary means of arresting it.
 D. The triangular bandage and its application.

Third Lecture.

- A. A brief description of the nervous system.
 B. First aid to persons suffering from shock or collapse after injury, injury to the brain, collapse from drink, epilepsy, fainting and hysteria.
 C. First aid in cases of burns or scalds, injury by vitriol throwing, wounds, bites of animals stings of insects.
 D. What to do when the dress catches fire.
 E. The triangular bandage and its application.

Fourth Lecture.

- A. A brief description of the organs and mechanism of respiration.
 B. The immediate treatment of the apparently drowned or otherwise suffocated, artificial respiration, treatment for choking.
 C. First aid to those poisoned.
 D. The immediate first aid treatment of injuries to the internal organs, and to those suffering from internal hæmorrhage.
 E. Foreign bodies in the eye, ear, and nose.

Fifth Lecture.

- A. Preparation for reception of accident cases.
 B. Means of lifting and carrying.
 C. Preparation of bed.
 D. Removing the clothes.
 E. Preparations for surgeon.
 The following students took the examination, and hold "First Aid" certificates:—

Second Year Students.—E. Brickell, M. E. Bunting, E. M. Burge, A. Clarke, E. Comer, B. E. Dickens, L. G. Gibbs, M. E. Gibson, J. Greenep, I. Hartley, E. C. Hinton, E. M. Hornsby, M. Househam, J. E. Jones, L. A. Mann, B. H. Mortlock, M. Noble, V. Nuttall, E. Polwarth, L. M. Rigby, L. M. Rosson, G. Sivil, M. H. Stimson, E. Stuart, L. Thurlby, E. H. Tomlinson, G. West.

First Year Students.—A. Bristowe, B. Corfield, C. J. E. Crossland, A. F. Friswell, M. I. Greene, L. A. A. Jones, E. M. Jordan, W. J. G. McWhan, V. K. Maxwell, V. L. Moore, K. Oldfield, M. B. Pinck, A. E. Robertshaw, C. Spencer, L. A. Swales, L. Vesey, E. E. West, R. Wilkinson, A. C. Wyatt, V. Lynn (re-examined).

Debate.—The first debate of the season was a vigorous and exciting one. The reason for its non-appearance upon the placards of the *Times*, *Standard*, or *Mail*, we have never been quite able to find out. That the world at large should not have been apprised of an event of such issue clearly shows that in the language of Hamlet, "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." The fact is, that the vexed question of at least the last five decades was about to be decided in the first debate of the season at the Training College, Lincoln. "Is chivalry on the decline?" It was feared by some in authority that the subject might be too much for us; but no! we felt that we owed it to society to thrash the matter out and once and for all to give an irrevocable decision.

For several days the debate had been discussed with more or less enthusiasm; in dormitories, along the corridors, on the hockey field, and last, but oh! not least, round the common room fire. At length the evening having arrived, the question of taking seats required some discussion; indeed, as often as not, it formed the subject of a miniature debate. Those who had decided views, of course seated themselves in accordance with them, but in some cases the matter simply resolved itself into something like the following, "Which side am I sitting on? oh! I don't know—the stove side."

After the reading of the rules, and other preliminaries arranged, the debate began in real earnest. The proposer of the resolution began her speech with a definition of chivalry, viz., "The old gallant bearing of men towards women." Proofs of its decline, the speaker begged to be allowed to reserve for the present, tracing its origin, nature, and observances; from here going to the causes of its downfall, and lastly, proving its decay. Chivalry was stated to be threefold in its relations; religious, military, and social. Each of these points was worked out, and then the causes were touched upon. One great cause was the displacement of the relations between man and woman. "Instead of the air of mystery which surrounded woman in the olden time, we have, if not exactly *the* new woman, at any rate *a* new woman." Next, it was pointed out that much of the idealism of medieval times has disappeared. The world has grown older, busier, and perhaps wiser (perhaps not), but certainly more practical and matter of fact. The woman of the middle ages was contrasted with her of the present day, and the decision was reached that comradeship has in great measure taken the place of reverence. The speaker then proceeded to give many amusing proofs of the decline of chivalry in modern life, which were received with mingled applause and derision, according to the sympathies of the listeners.

The opposer of the resolution then rose, wearing a "he-laughs-best-who-laughs-last" sort of smile, and in true parliamentary fashion, in one sweeping statement contradicted all that the

previous speaker had said. "Far from being on the decline, the spirit of chivalry lives to-day among all classes as it has never done before." As she traced the course of chivalry from the days of ancient Britain through the so-called age of chivalry to the present time, we were slowly but surely convinced that never until the last decade or two did such a thing as chivalry even exist. The treatment of enemies was referred to in the persons of Joan of Arc, Llewellyn of Wales, and Wallace; this was followed up by the tournament question particularly the awarding of the prize to the "Queen of Beauty." "What happened to those who were not Queens of Beauty?" the lady asked. As far as she could see, the chivalry of these times seemed to belong solely to the exploits of soldiers and knights, who, after all, could only have formed a very small part of the community. Then about other pastimes of the Middle Ages. History books tell us that hanging parties were formed. Was this chivalry? Arriving at the present day, the speaker contrasted the action of the Japanese towards the Russians, with those already mentioned. (Loud applause.) Surely this was a height of chivalry never before attained in the annals of history.

Vigorous speeches followed from the respective seconders, and then for some time the strife waged so furiously that it might have been said of the debaters as of Macaulay—

"For them
There was no pain like silence—no constraint
So dull as unanimity. They breathed
An atmosphere of argument: nor sbrank
From making, when they could not find excuse
For controversial strife."

All too soon the time had passed, and before half our arguments were exhausted the President called for votes. It was only necessary to state these approximately, as so convincing had been the arguments of the opposition (or perhaps it was due to their marvellous rhetoric), that the "ayes" were out voted in overwhelming proportion.

BERTHA DICKENS.

* * *

Lecture.—On Tuesday, October 28th, we had the pleasure of hearing Canon Warner's most interesting lecture on Dante and the "Divina Commedia." The lecturer first spoke briefly of the influences which decided the poet's career; his birth at Florence, his meetings with Beatrice, "the giver of blessing," his part in the struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline, his banishment from Florence, his wanderings over Italy and Europe. He dwelt with enthusiasm on that beautiful fragment of autobiography, "La Vita Nuova," which has been translated with such sympathy and insight by Rossetti.

But with all its beauty, the "Vita Nuova" is to the "Divina Commedia" only as the sound of breakers to the full glory of the ocean. The great poem that "made both heav'n and earth co-partners in its toil," can be adequately appreciated, said Canon

Warner most emphatically, only by those who read it in Italian, and he advised all lovers of literature and Dante to learn Italian without delay. Meanwhile the translation in the "Temple Classics" series, which gives Italian and English side by side, is the best to be had.

The Canon then guided us rapidly through the three great divisions of the "Commedia." We saw Dante wandering, bewildered and alone, at the foot of a great hill, then accepting Vergil's guidance, and entering the gate of Hell with its terrible inscription, "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*" We passed the wretched Trimmers, "souls of those who lived without or praise or blame": we heard Vergil's explanation of the fate of virtuous heathen, and then passed into Hell itself, with its *ten* circles of punishment, and its varying tortures. Here Dante met the souls of many of his acquaintances, and being allowed to converse with them, told them what was happening in the world, and heard from them the reasons of their terrible punishment, and explanations of many circumstances which he had not before understood. In the very centre of the Inferno stood Satan, an enormous and repulsively hideous figure, who tore in his teeth three great traitors, Brutus and Cassius, who killed the earthly representative of divine rule, and the world's arch-traitor, Judas.

The two poets left the Inferno through a narrow opening in a rock, when climbing "by a hidden way"

"The beautiful light of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in a cave
Thence issuing, we beheld at length the stars."

—We followed them through Purgatory, that "second region,"

"In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purg'd, and for ascent to heaven prepares."

Dante's idea of the origin and formation of Purgatory was somewhat as follows:—When Lucifer fell from Heaven, he sank to the very centre of the earth, and there stayed. The great depression caused by the fall became Hell, while the great mass of earth thus displaced, protruded on the other side of the world as the Mount of Purgation. Up this mountain Dante and his guide must climb. They again met souls whom they recognised, gladly enduring the pains which purified them from taint of sin. Canon Warner noticed the curiously touching effect of the chanting of familiar psalms in this unfamiliar place, "*In exitu Israël*" and the beautiful compline hymn, "*Te ante lucis terminum.*" When Dante himself had been purified from the Seven Deadly Sins, his guide departed, but Beatrice met him. In spite of purgation the *memory* of sin still clung about him, and in answer to Beatrice's accusation he could only utter, "Such a 'Yea' . . . as needed help of vision to interpret." But after drinking of the waters of Lethe and Eunoë all memory of evil departed from him, all memory of good was revived in him, and at last he was fit not only

to see the stars of Heaven, but to mount up to them, passing from the earthly to the heavenly Paradise.

"In Heaven," says Dante, "Was I witness of things, which to relate again surpasseth power of him who came from thence." At first

"Beatrice stood unmoved, and I with ken

"Fixed upon her."

—the moment chosen by Ary Scheffer in his picture "Dante and Beatrice." She led him upward through the heavens, her beauty continually increasing until it became far more than human, to the point where he gazed on the Vision of the Eternal Rose of Heaven. Turning to speak to Beatrice he beheld—

"An old man clothed as are the people blest."

Bernard, who pointed to her as she sat side by side with Rachel and the Blessed Virgin, as far above him as is the height of heaven above the depths of ocean: "that blessed Beatrice who gloriously looks upon the Face of Him *qui est per omnia secula benedictus*."

Bernard guided the pilgrim to the end of his long journey to the very threshold of the Beatific Vision of the Trinity in Unity.

"Here vigour fail'd the tow'ring fantasy

"But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel

"In even motion, by that Love impelled,

"That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

In conclusion, Canon Warner said that in spite of the popular idea, the poem does not dwell on the material more than is necessary to interpret the spiritual. The hideous forms of Hell, the pains of Purgatory, the bright angels of Paradise, alike help to express and explain deep spiritual truths. And finally, the devils are always repulsive, the angels are beautiful with the beauty of holiness; "Dante never seduced any man or woman to call wrong right."

The lecture was illustrated throughout by slides, and thanks are due to Miss Vaughan and Miss Martin for their management of the lantern.

(Quotations are taken from Cary's translation).

D. J. D.

* * *

Feb. 10th, Lantern Lecture on Italy. — Readers of the last College magazine will understand the interest and pleasure with which we listened to Miss Turner as she conducted us on a tour through Northern Italy. The slides were many of them excellent, and the coloured ones showing the parts of Florence, Milan, and Venice, which Miss Elwell and Miss Turner visited last Easter, were keenly appreciated, and we are all longing for the time when we, too, shall be able to "see for ourselves."

Feb. 17th, Lincoln Cathedral.—The next week we again visited a magnificent building, this time, however, not wandering so far afield. The Principal showed and explained some fine slides, kindly lent by Dr. Watkins, of many parts of our own beautiful Cathedral. Students are looking forward to the brighter weather, when the Principal has promised to "make time" to take them all over the building, and also into the Bishop's gardens, themselves well worth seeing and giving most perfect views of the grand old Cathedral.

* * *

March 3rd, French Play.—This proved a new and delightful entertainment. Thirteen Second Year students gave a most amusing French sketch. Former French students will not be surprised to hear that it was cast by Miss Turner, and that it was owing to her training that the enthusiastic performers so entered into the spirit of it that one even appeared more at her ease in French than in English. This was followed by a more serious and even more delightful item. Act III. of Racine's play *Iphigénie*, which was rendered most skilfully and dramatically by the Advanced French Class.

EX-ÉTUDIANTES EN VOYAGE.

PERSONNAGES.

		LILIAN HENCHCLIFFE
		MARGARET JONES
Cinq anciennes normaliennes de Lincoln		ROSE MAWER
		LOUIE WHITE
		CISSIE WINNALL
Facteur		LILY GOULDTHORPE
Employé		BERTHA DICKENS
Marchand de Journaux ..		LUCY THURLEY
Monsieur Brun		FLORENCE DAWE
Mlle. Isabelle Brun (sa fille)	ISABEL RIGBY
Mlle. Laure Nicholas (son amie)	LAURA MANN
Une grosse dame...	JESSIE JONES
Un douanier	MABEL HOUSEHAM

Gare de Lyon à Paris. Rose et Louie entrent dans la gare, déposent à terre leurs bagages en poussant des soupirs de soulagement.

Rose ..Quelle heure est-il? Mais comme nous sommes de bon matin!

Louie...Oui, oui, il n'est que neuf heures, et le train ne part qu' à neuf heures et demie.

Rose (à un facteur)... Occupez-vous de mes petits bagages s'il vous plaît ?

Facteur... Oui, oui, Mademoiselle. Combien de colis avez vous ?

Rose... Cinq—trois valises, un paquet, et un rouleau de couvertures de voyage.

Louie... Mais, où sont les autres ? (*regardant avec inquiétude vers l'entrée*).

Rose... Vous voyez que nous commençons à parler comme de vraies Françaises !

Louie... Ah ! mais croyez-vous qu'on puisse savoir que nous sommes Anglaises ?

Rose... Je n'en sais rien. Nous faisons de bons progrès, mais cela est tout autre chose.

Louie... Moi, je voudrais bien voir arriver Cissie et les autres ! Où sont elles ?

Rose... Je suis un peu inquiète à cause d'elles, et il faut aller chercher les (*elle hésite*)—tickets.

Louie... Ah ! les voilà.

Cissie... Hallo girls ! how do ?

Rose... Oh ! there you are ! Mais, il faut parler Français, comme disait Mademoiselle Turner.

Louie... En tout cas, n'oubliez pas cela !

Cissie... Ah ! oui ! bother ! Qu' est ce que je devrais dire ; (*d'un ton lent et posé*). Je vous souhaite bon jour, mes chéries ! How's that ?

Margaret... Cela est parfait.

Lilian... Comme je suis contente de vous revoir.

Cissie... Est ce que vous avez encore pris vos—(*balbutie*) tickets. J'oublie le mot.

Rose... Serait-il possible ! Comme vous êtes bête ! On ne vous croirait jamais française. Le mot est . . . (*toutes rient*) le mot est . . . ticquette.

Louie... Non ! vous avez tort et vous devriez avoir honte après tout ce que Mademoiselle Turner vous a enseigné à l'égard de voyage. Moi, je ne l'ai pas oublié C'est matou.

Cissie (d'un ton moqueur)... Par exemple ! Taisez-vous stupide. Matou ! C'est un tom-cat ! Je me souviens maintenant du mot. C'est billet.

Rose... Margaret voulez vous aller les prendre, pendant que nous causons. Je n'ai pas vu Cissie depuis que nous avons quitté l'école normale de Lincoln.

Margaret... Ni moi, non plus. Au contraire !

Cissie (taquinant)... Cela ne fait rien.

Margaret... Eh bien ! Je vais y aller.

Margaret... Par où est le guichet ?

Facteur... Par ici, à gauche. Non ! non ! non ! pas par là ! par ici.

Margaret...Est-il déjà ouvert? Ah! oui, je le vois, merci. (Disparaît derrière un paravent—conversation à haute voix). Cinq billets—Secondes pour Montreux.

Employé...Billets simples?

Margaret...Ah! non. Aller et retour. Combien est-ce?

Employé...Cinq cents francs (compte à haute voix les billets). Merci Mademoiselle.

Margaret (comptant aussi les billets)...Merci! Monsieur. (revenant à ses compagnes). Voilà les billets. Gardez-les bien.

Rose...Entrons dans une salle d'attente. Où est-elle? Nous avons encore un quart d'heure.

Margaret...Ah! non! non! restez ici. On peut se rendre sur le quai par cette porte alors.

Rose (à Cissie et Louie)...Dis donc! Allez retirer cette grande valise de la consigne. Faites vite. Revenez tout de suite.

Cissie...Assurément, mais donne-nous le bulletin

Facteur (ouvre grandement la porte et crie)...Dijon! Maçon! Lyon! Marseille! Genève! Montreux! Cinq minutes d'arrêt.

Toutes passent par la porte en montrant leurs billets à l'employé qui se tient à la porte et marque les billets à l'emporte-pièce. Il les rend aux voyageuses qui se rendent alors sur le quai.

Louie...Voilà notre train.

Margaret...Non! pas celui-là. C'est un train omnibus.

Rose...Voici le rapide. Par ici.

*Lilian...Vous autres, allez choisir un bon coupé. Assurez vous de bonnes places pour toutes. Moi, je veux des journaux. (Appelle un marchand de journaux). Hé! là. **

Marchand de Journaux...Figaro! Le Matin! Petit Journal! Dernières nouvelles. Problème fiscal d'Angleterre. Discours de M. Chamberlain. Tunnel Simplon achevé.

Lilian...Voyons ce que vous avez, mon garçon. Je prends la Chronique. Combien est ce? Deux sous! Mais je n'ai plus de petite monnaie.

Margaret...Comme toujours, Lilian!

Lilian...Qui a deux sous? Prêtez-les moi. Ah, merci, Margaret. Je vous les rendrai tout à l'heure.

Margaret...Nous n'avons pas encore choisi de compartiment. Non, cela ne fera pas l'affaire, regardez, c'est Fumeurs. Ni cela non plus. Voyez! Réservé. Dames seules! Ah! nous voilà.

Rose...Non, montons ici. Il n'y a qu'un seul voyageur.

Lilian...Je préfère l'autre. Mais allons.

Margaret...Et moi aussi. Mais comme vous voulez, Rose.

(Elles montent, choisissent leurs sièges et arrangent les bagages, après avoir donné un pourboire au facteur qui les a montés.

Un vieillard se trouve en voiture.)

Rose...Je vais m'installer ici, sur la banquette de devant. Je mettrai les valises sous la banquette.

Lilian...Je vais prendre place ici, en face. Permettez-moi d'arranger tous les parapluies par ici. Mettez le rouleau en haut. Là, comme ça.

Margaret...Je préfère un coin. Je vais quitter mon chapeau et retirer mon manteau (*elle quitte son chapeau et retire son manteau*). Où est mon petit paquet et le panier aux provisions? Oh! et mon guide? (*Elle les cherche partout*.)

Rose..Vous les avez perdus, comme toujours, Marguerite. Ah! les voici. Comptez tout.

Margaret...Nous avons tout ce qu'il faut alors.

Lilian . Ouvrons les couvertures de voyage. Je vais me mettre à mon aise, comme ça

(*Entrée d' Isabelle avec un panier aux provisions acheté au buffet.*)

Isabelle ..Voilà, papa! Mais comme j'ai été bousculée. Il y avait une telle foule de voyageurs arrivée à l'instant. Un encombrement au buffet dont tu n'as pas idée, Enfin c'est fini maintenant. C'est tout au milieu de la saison des touristes. Je n'aime pas ce genre de voyageurs.

M. Brun . Qu' est-ce que tu as acheté alors? Du poulet froid? Pâté de gibier?

Isabelle...Mais non! Pas grand' chose. Justement des sandwiches, des fruits et de la limonade.

M. Brun . Je déteste les sandwiches et la limonade. Je veux du poulet et du vin.

Isabelle ..Moi! Je les voudrais aussi. Mais les acheter au milieu d'une telle foule, c'est tout autre chose. J'étais bien contente de m'assurer de ceci.

(*Beaucoup de personnes entrent en quai*).

M. Brun...Mais que font ici tous ces gens? Pourquoi tant de monde sur le quai? Tonnerre! Quel bruit! Quel mouvement!

Isabelle...C'est qu'il y a une excursion de Cork. Des Anglais naturellement!

Grosse dame (qui veut monter)...Pardou, place, s'il vous platt, Monsieur et Mesdames.

Isabelle...Mais, Madame, il n'y a plus de places ici, pas une seule, absolument pas! Ces deux sièges sont déjà pris (*entassant les bagages sur les places inoccupées*).

Rose (bas à Margaret)...Voilà ce qui arrive. Je vous disais que Cissie et Louie seraient en retard. (*A haute voix*) C'est que nous avons deux amies qui vont remonter à l'instant.

Isabelle (à la grosse dame qui s'obstine à vouloir monter)... Pardou, madame, je suis désolée, mais toutes les places sont occupées, je vous assure.

(*La dame va chercher un fonctionnaire.*)

Employé ..Combien êtes vous? Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq. (*Les Anglaises crient - Encore deux*) Encore deux qui vont rentrer. Ça fait sept. Ces compartiments sont à huit places. Montez, madame.

Rose...Et nos compagnes!

Employé...Elle viendront, sans doute. Vous avez encore une demi-minute, trente secondes.

Isabelle...Mais nous serons horriblement serrées. Je ne voudrais pour rien au monde être impolie envers madame, mais nous serons fort mal.

Employé (*indiquant les bagages entassés sur une des places inoccupées*)...Est-ce que ces bagages sont à vous? Mettez-les sous la banquette ou dans le filet, s'il vous plaît.

Isabelle (*remuant les bagages en grommelant*)...Nous serons fort mal.

Employé...Chaque voyageur n'a le droit qu'à une seule place Il y a une excursion—excursion de Cork. (*Il s'en va.*)

Isabelle (*bas à son père en jetant un coup d'oeil à la dame*)... Mais quand on est gros comme ça!

(Employé *crie. Le direct pour Montreux et Genève. Voyageurs pour Dijon, Maçon, Lyon, Marseille, Montreux, Genève en voiture, s'il vous plaît. Le conducteur agite son drapeau, donne un coup de sifflet. Une cloche sonne. Les Anglaises s'élançant à la portière, gesticulent furieusement en agitant leur mouchoir. Cissie et Louie se précipitent en voiture essoufflés. Elles déposent la grand valise.*)

Rose...Enfin! Il était temps. On sonne. Vous avez failli manquer le train.

Lilian...Mon Dieu! Mais quelle peur vous m'avez faite.

Margaret...C'est ridicule. Voici ton amie qui va se trouver mal (*à Lilian*). Mais calme toi chérie, je t'en prie. Les voici enfin. C'est fini.

Louie...C'est Lilian qui est ridicule de s'agiter pour si peu de chose. Nous sommes arrivées bien à temps.

Cissie...A quoi bon rester dans cet horrible compartiment un moment de plus qu'il ne faut! . . . Eh! mais . . . peste! (*voyant la grosse dame et faisant une grimace*).

Margaret...Voici ce que c'est. A qui donc la faute?

M. Brun...Demandez à ces coquines qu'elles se taisent. C'est insupportable. (*Il s'installe pour s'endormir.*)

Isabelle...Oh! papa!

Cissie (*bas*)...What an amiable-looking girl, and what a grumpy old man!

R., M., L., & L...Chut! chut! They will hear what you say!

Cissie...Oh! they won't understand English. Do you think I dare speak to her?

Louie...Your French is not good enough. Let Rose try.

Rose (*d'un ton moqueur*)...Bien obligée. Je vous remercie infiniment. (*Elle commence à lire. Cissie se remue un peu.*)

Cissie (*se penchant un peu en avant*)...Bon jour, mademoiselle! Il fait très beau ce matin n'est-ce pas?

Isabelle (*d'un air timide*)...C'est vrai. Il fait très beau. Où est-ce que vous allez, mademoiselle?

Cissie...Plait-il! Oh! à Lausanne. (*Les autres la corrigent.*)
Non! à Montreux.

Isabelle...Vous êtes Anglaises n'est-ce pas? (*Les Anglaises se regardent.*)

Rose (*à part*)...I told you so.

Louie...Parlez français.

Cissie...Oui, mademoiselle, nous le sommes.

Isabelle...Je suis très contente, car je désire depuis longtemps rencontrer des demoiselles anglaises, (*regardant avec précaution dans la direction de son père et parlant d'un accent français.*) I have a correspondent English since half-past three years. (*Les Anglaises ricanent.*)

Cissie (*vivement*)...So have I. Je veux dire j'en ai une Française.

Isabelle...Vraiment! Où demeure votre correspondante?

Cissie...Elle demeure maintenant à Toulon, mais autrefois elle était à l'école normale de Draguignan.

Isabelle (*excitée*)...Etes-vous par hasard, mademoiselle Rose Mawer?

Rose...No! I am. (*Excitation générale.*)

Isabelle...Quelle chance. Je voulais vous rencontrer depuis longtemps, parceque je suis bien sûre que vous êtes très gentille. Vos lettres étaient tellement aimables. Je suis bien contente de pouvoir passer quelques moments avec vous.

M. Brun...Taisez-vous. Je ne puis m'endormir. C'est ennuyant.

Isabelle...Mais! mon père, c'est ma correspondante anglaise qui voyage avec nous. N'est-ce pas étonnant?

M. Brun...C'est vraiment étonnant de ne pas pouvoir vous taire!

(*Il se retourne et tâche de se rendormir.*)

Rose...Mademoiselle Isabelle, permettez-moi de vous présenter mes chères amies.

(*Rose les nomme tour à tour et elles s'inclinent. M. Brun grogne.*)

Isabelle...Je suis charmée de vous rencontrer. (*bas*) Il ne faut pas vous déranger à cause de mon père. Il est toujours comme ça.

Louie (*à Isabelle*)...Est-ce que vous allez loin, Mademoiselle?

Isabelle...Ah! non! pas très loin. Jusqu'à Montreux. Je compte rencontrer mon ami, Mademoiselle Laure Nicholas à la prochaine gare. (*Elle se lève, regarde par la vitre et agite son mouchoir.*) Ah! la voilà. Le train va arrêter. Laure! Laure! par ici!

Louie...Que c'est drôle. C'est en vérité ma correspondante française.

(*Le grosse dame descend. Laure monte. Elles s'embrassent.*)

Laure... Comme je suis heureuse de te revoir, ma chère Isabelle.

Isabelle... Quelle joie ! Comment vas-tu mignonne ?

Laure... Comme cela. J'ai été un peu souffrante dernièrement. Et, toi, chérie ?

Isabelle... Ah ! Je vais très bien. Mais qu'est-ce que tu as ?
(*Un douanier entre pour faire visite des bagages en voiture.*)

Margaret... Qui est-ce ?

Laure... C'est la douane. Les douaniers vont faire la visite des bagages en train. Il ne faut pas descendre.

Douanier (*aux Anglaises*)... Avez-vous quelque chose à déclarer ? (*Elles prétendent ne pas comprendre français.*)

Cissie... Ne parlez pas français. (*Éclats de rire mal cachés.*)

Douanier... N'avez-vous rien à déclarer. Pas de tabac, de cigares, de thé, de parfum, de liqueurs, d'alcool.

Isabelle... Il faut absolument qu'on informe Monsieur. Il voudrait savoir si vous n'avez rien à déclarer. (*En Anglais mal prononcé.*) You must tell him.

Rose... Nous n'avons rien du tout à déclarer.

Douanier... Défaites cette grande valise s'il vous plaît. Il faut la voir.

Isabelle (*en remarquant leur hésitation*)... You must open it. Il faut bien la montrer à Monsieur.

Laure... Open it. Il faut la voir, Mesdemoiselles. (*Elles l'ouvrent. Le douanier l'examine et la marque à la craie.*)

Douanier... C'est bien, Mademoiselle. Vous pouvez passer. (*Il sort, elles refont la valise.*)

Isabelle... Figurez-vous Laure, j'ai rencontré ici nos correspondantes Anglaises. Permettez-moi de vous présenter Mademoiselle Louie Vite, et Mademoiselle Rose Mawer. Miss Vite, I hab great pleasure in you making to know my dear friend Laure.

Louie (*à part*)... She calls me Vite. (*A haute voix*) Mademoiselle Nicholas je suis enchantée de faire votre connaissance.

Laure... Vous êtes trop aimable envers moi, Mademoiselle. Comme il fait chaud.

Cissie... Quelle chaleur insupportable !

Rose... Voulez vous permettre que j'ouvre la fenêtre.

Laure... Ah ! oui ! oui ! J'en serais très contente. (*Rose baisse la vitre.*)

M. Brun (*se réveillant en sursaut*).. Tonnerre ! (*relevant le collet de son par-dessus.*) D'où vient cet air froid ? Qui a donc ouvert ? Nous allons tous vous enrhummer. Levez la glace.

Isabelle... Ah ! mon père, ne vous dérangez pas. Il n'y a pas de courant d'air. Il fait tellement chaud.

M. Brun... Tais-toi, ma fille, sapristi ! C'est trop. Quelle manie ont-elles ces Anglaises et ma fille aussi. Bah !

(*Il se lève vivement et lève la glace d'un geste violent.*)

Rose... What manners !

Cissie (*chante*)... "What manners ! who taught him behaviour like that !" (*extract from this year's operetta*).

Isabelle (*regardant sa montre*) Comme le temps passe ! Il est déjà l'heure d'arrivée. Nous voilà presque en gare. Il faut rassembler tous nos effets. Je suis bien contrariée de vous quitter, Mesdemoiselles. Vous voulez bien nous rendre visite chez nous à Paris, n'est-ce pas ! En revenant, bien sûr. J'aurais grand plaisir de vous voir toutes chez nous, je vous assure. Vous serez bien les bienvenues. Faites moi donc le plaisir de venir.

Rose. Merci bien, Mademoiselle, de votre gracieuse invitation. Nous viendrons pour sûr, si cela peut s'arranger. Adieu

Margaret... Merci, mille fois, Mademoiselle. Adieu ! Au plaisir de vous revoir.

Cissie... À bientôt, nous n'y manquerons pas.

Louie et Lillian... Adieu ! Au revoir !

Isabelle... À bientôt. Je compte sur vous. En tout cas, vous viendrez un de ces jours. Adieu ! Bon voyage !

M.T.

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The Service of Intercession for Foreign Missions was held on St. Andrew's Day, Canon Hodgkinson giving the address, the substance of which is given below:—

Little is known, save by tradition, of the life of St. Andrew, but that little has led the Church to regard him as the first Christian missionary, and to make his festival a day of special intercession for Missions.

The great Missionary Prayer must ever be the one taught by our Lord—"Thy Kingdom come." Consider how frequently the Bible leads us to regard the Church as essentially a *kingdom*. David's kingdom, Solomon's kingdom, were types of the Church, as David and Solomon were types of the Church's king; prophets foretold the coming of Him who should "reign in righteousness," whose kingdom should be "an everlasting kingdom"; the Psalms contained many references to "the Lord of Hosts—the King of Glory." The Angel of the Annunciation spoke to the Blessed Virgin not only of a Saviour, but also of a King "of whose kingdom there shall be no end." The Magi came seeking "the King of the Jews," and to Him they offered their kingly gift of gold. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the message of the Forerunner, and then of our Lord Himself—in due time the Apostles also were sent forth to preach "the Gospel of the kingdom." The most frequent of all introductions to our Lord's Parables is "the Kingdom of Heaven is likened to."

And, when the first Good Friday came, men saw our Lord on His great throne of the Cross—crowned, though with thorns,—hailed, though in mockery; they read the title over His head,

"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The penitent thief recognised our Lord's kingship—"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

Our Lord's kingdom was won by strife, and when that strife was over, He ascended to take His seat for ever on His throne in heaven, as "King of kings, and Lord of lords"; the longing of His Church is to see the day when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ."

The first Whit-Sunday saw the birth of the new kingdom, which was to be an undying witness to Christ and His teaching, an aggressive agency against wickedness, and the great spiritual unifier of the world.

We may well use our conception of a great temporal state—our own for instance—to help us in realising the nature of the Church as a spiritual kingdom, and our duties as members of it. It should do much to keep us from the selfishness in religion which, weakening the Church as a whole, defeats its own ends.

Perhaps to no people can "Thy Kingdom come" mean more than to teachers. Their work is essentially missionary work, and they should always regard it as such. To some the call to work in the foreign mission field may come—as it has to several students trained here, of whom we may well think specially to-day—but *all* teaching is mission work, alike everywhere in aims, in spirit, in encouragements, and in discouragements; alike, too, in reward, great even here and now, but far greater in the days when the kingdom shall be accomplished and men's eyes shall see "the King in His beauty."

A. G.

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A very fine classical concert was attended on November 2nd by some of the staff and ten of the students, Mr. Ellenberger, the Rev. H. De Brisay, and Canon Pemberton, of Hovingham fame, being among the performers. On November 3rd, twenty-seven attended Mr. Arthur Diosy's lecture on "Russia and Japan," and on November 5th, seventy-seven students had the privilege of seeing a very good performance of *Hamlet* (one of their examination plays), given by the Benson company.

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Church of England Waifs and Strays Bazaar, Nov. 16th-18th.
—In spite of the recent College Bazaar, and the assertions all too rashly made that we would eschew anything in the way of bazaars for long, long years to come, we found it quite impossible to refuse Mrs. Vaughan, the indefatigable secretary of St. Hugh's Home, when she asked us to help in a cause which of all others must appeal to those who are training to teach Christ's little ones, and so the College having obtained promises of support from the outgoing and from present students, made itself responsible for half a

stall, and a very good stall it turned out to be, coming in third of all the stalls in the "takings."

Besides many individual gifts from both First and Second Years and their home friends, Miss Martin superintended the dressing of dolls, and most beautifully-attired maidens were the result, together with a trunk full of dainty garments, and a bed furnished with linen so wondrously worked with fairy stitches, that it was only fit for "my lady's chamber." These all brought much 'grist to the mill,' as did also Miss Piper's charming water-colour sketches.

Gifts both in money and kind were received from the following "old" (but not very old) students:—Misses Margaret Arcott, Bertha Bannister, Emily Brown, Violet Brown, Maud Collett, Alethea Durant, Ethel Gibbs, Mabel Hamm, Mabel Noble, Ethel Maguire, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Florence Tipping, Rose Wade, Winifred Waller, Maude Weaver, Constance Williams, Edith Laver, Edith Morris, Ethel Marris, Dora Trotter, Emily Wood, Ethel Ward, Mabel Fountain, Elizabeth Croasdale, Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Ada Doodson, Gertrude Radford, Elsie Beeching, Winifred Brown, Helen Marden, Edith Barker, Miss Aughtie.

(Miss Elwell hopes that any inadvertent omissions of names will be pardoned).

Contributions of work were also received from Miss Tryon, Mrs. Dunkerton, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Buttery, and perhaps most interesting of all, a present of garments sent at their own request by the children in Miss Annie Meadows' School at East Retford, and made in their own homes.

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Our experiences in the way of concerts, "breaking-up" parties, and other festivities, have been of a singularly chequered description. We have had our pleasures, and we have had our disappointments, not an uncommon experience, perhaps, but towards the end of last term it seemed as if the disappointments were to the front. All our preparations had been made for the "breaking-up" party, and a goodly number of old Lincoln students had accepted invitations—some, it was rumoured, had purchased new gowns for the occasion. The supper was cooked, and the programme for the evening drawn up, when a case of infectious illness, the second in the term, made it necessary to cancel the invitations on the very morning of the party, and though we danced, and ate the supper, it was a somewhat half-hearted gaiety, with all our old friends absent, and the thoughts of our two invalids, who were suffering a far greater disappointment in the prospect of a Christmas in Lincoln: First Years too, and this their first term away from home! However, everyone is thankful to feel that they are back again now bright and well, after their

belated holiday at home, and both agreeing that their Christmas was made as bright and happy as it could be under the circumstances.

The Musical Society's concert too was forbidden ground to Staff and Students for the same reason.

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Scholarship Week brought the usual heavy work—large numbers of candidates to be accommodated in College, and to be encouraged, to be piloted through the examination, and generally to be made as comfortable as circumstances will allow. Fortunately this week always brings also the usual number of kindly and capable students ("samples," we always wish them to be considered by the "would-be students," of the kind we want), who give most efficient help to both Principal and Staff, at the cost to themselves of a week's holiday. The Second Years were Jessie Stringer, Gertrude Hurst, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Louisa White, Jessie Jones; First Years—Gertrude Border, Kerr Maxwell, Irene Marden, Gertrude Leeming, Lilian Jones, Amy Wyatt

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Inspectors' Visits.—Mr. Holmes visited the College in January in order to hear lectures and observe the ordinary work of the time-table. On Feb. 14th and 15th, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Dale heard the Teaching and Reading, and on Feb. 21st Mrs. Colborne inspected the Needlework and heard lessons. The selected students acquitted themselves well in all their work, "above the average," and now we are looking forward to Dr. Somervell's examination in Singing on April 12th and 13th.

These things accomplished, we shall certainly feel like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, "that something attempted, something done," has earned us a joyful Easter holiday. The students leave on April 19th and return on May 8th.

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Games.—The hockey season is passing away all too quickly for many enthusiastic players. Before Christmas the College played two matches, the opposing teams being the South Lincoln Ladies and the High School. Both matches ended in a draw, no goals being scored on either side. South Lincoln played a return on the College ground on Feb. 18th, which they won by 4 to 1 after an exciting struggle. We hope to play the High School return on March 22nd. Sometime, during the term we are expecting a team, largely composed of old Lincolnians, from Sheffield, when we should have a very good game. Then will follow the Blue and Green Shield matches, and a final contest between the First and Second Years.

Additions to the Fiction Library.—"A Bachelor in Arcady," *Halliwel Sutcliffe*; "The Virginian," *Owen Wister*; "The Garden of Swords," *Max Pemberton*; "Robbery under Arms," *Rolf Boldrewood*; "Moonstone," *Wilkie Collins*; "The Hermits," *Charles Kingsley*; "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," *Besant and Rice*; "Miss Marjoribanks," *Mrs. Oliphant*; "Rose and Lavender," Author of *Tip Cap*; "Idle Thoughts," *J. K. Jerome*; "Haven under the Hill," *M. Linskill*; "Light that failed," *R. Kipling*; "Old Dominion," *M. Johnstone*; "Intervening Sea," *David Lyall*; "The Crossing," *Winston Churchill*; "The Atelier du Lys," Author of *M. Mori*; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," *Bret Harte*; "The Ladder of Swords," *Gilbert Parker*; "Bells of Portknockie," *David Lyall*; "Rienzi," "Last Days of Pompeii," "My Novel," *Lord Lytton*; "Kim," *R. Kipling*; "Mistress Barbara Cunliffe," *H Sutcliffe*; "The Guinea Stamp," *A. Swan*; "Tales from Maria Edgeworth," "Misunderstood," *F. Montgomery*; "With Harp and Crown," "By Celia's Bower," *Besant and Rice*; "Pearl Maiden," *R. Haggard*; "Children of the Ghetto," *Zangwill*; "At the Moorings," *R. Carey*; "Alton Locke," *C. Kingsley*; "Red Cap Tales," *S. R. Crockett*; "Pilgrim's Progress," *Bunyan*; "Fowls of the Air; Beasts of the Field," *W. J. Long*; "Don Quixote," *Cervantes*; "Ministering Children," *M. L. Charlesworth*; "Richard Carvel," *Winston Churchill*; "Pa Gladden," *E. C. Waltz*; "Tomaso's Fortune," *S. Merriman*; "Elizabeth and her German Garden," "The Town's Verdict," *Ethel Hedde*; "Mademoiselle Mori;" "Sir Mortimer," *M. Johnstone*.

Presented by the Magazine Club.—"Kate of Kate Hall," *E. T. Fowler and A. Felkin*; "The Affair at the Inn," *K. D. Wiggins, etc.*; "Dandelion Clocks," "The Peace Egg," *J. H. Ewing*.

Reference Library.—Cusack's Glossary of Biological Terms; Seven Lamps of Architecture (*Ruskin*); Frondes Agrestes (*Ruskin*); Literary Essays (*Hutton*); Malory's Morte d'Arthur; Virginibus Puerisque (*R. L. Stevenson*); Latin Dictionary; Aidan, the Apostle of England (*Fryer*); Classic Myths (*Cayley*); Bohemia, West Indies, Canada, Mediæval Rome (Story of the Nations); Creatures of the Sea (*Bullen*); Far Eastern Impressions (*Hatch*); The New Siberia (*Diosy*); Origin and Growth of English Colonies (*Egerton*); Great Britain and her American Colonies (*Horsburgh*); History of British India, I. (*Hunter*); Geography (*Keith Johnston*); Commercial Geography (*Chisholm*); Prince Henry the Navigator (*Bazley*); Historical Geography of British Colonies (*Lucas*); Principles of Education (*Raymont*).

College Magazine Club.—The following magazines and papers are being taken this year:—Weekly Graphic, Punch, Church Bells, Practical Teachers' Art Monthly, Associates' Journal,

Hugo's French Journal, Studio, Cassell's Magazine, Quiver, Good Words, Sunday Magazine, Treasury, Windsor, Leisure Hour, Chambers' Journal, Harper's, Munsey's, Pall Mall, Girls' Own Paper, Russo-Japanese War, Great Thoughts.

The Committee provide in addition, the Daily Telegraph, Morning Post, Daily Graphic, and Lincoln Gazette

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Gifts to College.—Magazine Club. "Gospels in Art," and eight volumes of "Social England," in addition to works of fiction.

Miss Frances Clark, 4/- to Reredos Fund.

A. C. Finch, Esq., Inspector of Schools, beautiful specimens of rock opal.

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Bessie Corfield and Christabel Crossland have been chosen as First Year Chapel Wardens.

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Marriage.—On Saturday, Dec. 8rd, 1904, at S. Sebastian's Church, Wokingham, by the Rev. Canon Rowe, father of the bridegroom, Captain Ernest Fentiman Rowe to Louisa Wingate Murray.

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Magazines have been received from the following schools and colleges:—Home and Colonial, Saffron Walden, Norwich, Edgehill, Fishponds, Ripon, Bishops Stortford, Warrington, Lincoln High School, and Grahamstown Training College.